





*Picture him
in Mentor. Take
comfort in the thought
of such launderable
shirts, Sanforized to keep
their perfect fit . . . see him in the
styles he likes and see how long they wear . . .*

Picture him in Mentor

FOR FATHERS from 17 6d—FOR SONS from 12 6d (average size)
FOR MENTOR SHIRTS ARE GOOD AT ANY PRICE
W. M. MILLER & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1877



Each delicately flavoured
centre individually fork-
dipped in velvet-smooth
Tobler Chocolate

Tobler
CHOCOLATE
PEPPERMINT
CREAMS

Is YOUR car fitted with



FERODO ANTI-FADE BRAKE LININGS

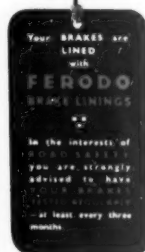


or are you taking chances?

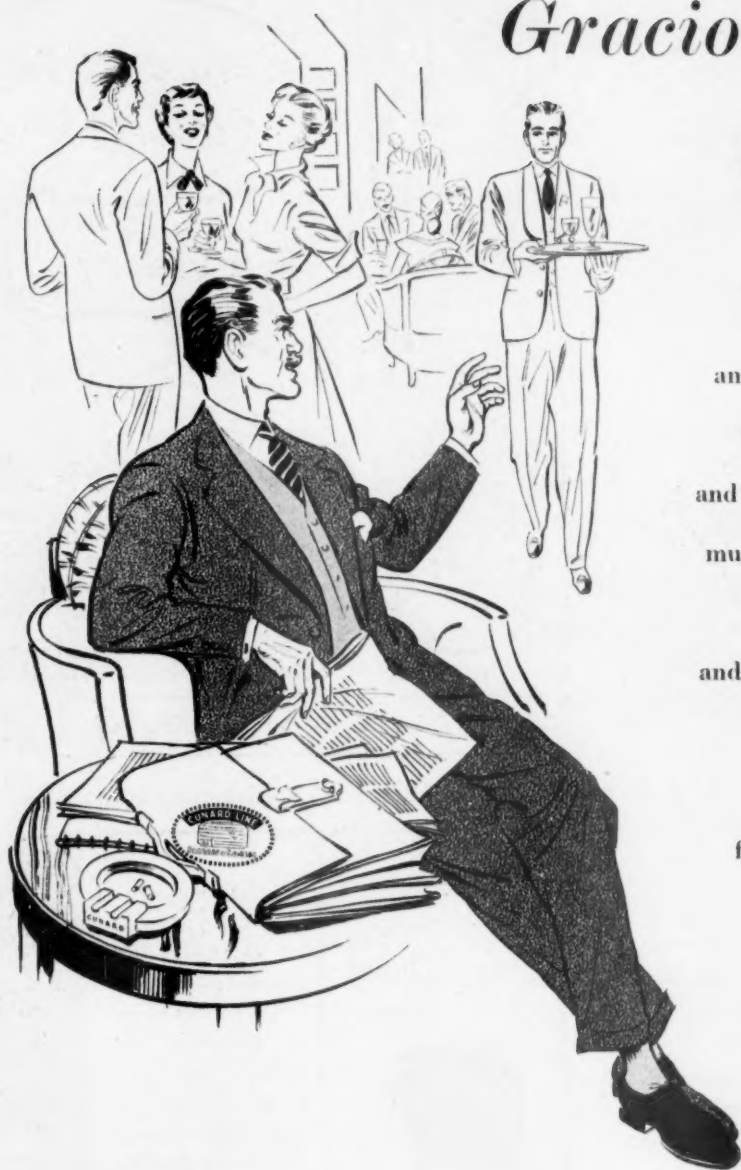
It's sometimes very hot work being a brake drum—300° centigrade or thereabouts! Which makes life very difficult for a brake lining which must be pressed against such destructive heat. That is why some linings will 'fade' or lose their grip, and in an emergency brake fade can be pretty dangerous.

Ferodo Limited, the organisation which always puts research and testing first, make Anti-Fade Brake Linings that will give you safer, smoother, more reliable braking no matter how tough the conditions. Don't take chances any longer, especially in today's traffic; be sure to ask for Ferodo—the Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

THE PROOF...



that your garage have re-lined your brakes with genuine Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings, is this orange and black label. It is only issued with Ferodo Linings, and should be tied to the steering wheel of your car; if it's not, please ask your garage why.



Gracious Living at its best

SMALL wonder that statesmen
and business men prefer to travel
Cunard to and from the U.S.A.
and Canada. For Cunard have so
much to offer — so many facilities
for rest. The mind is soothed
and the body relaxed. It is indeed
a very pleasant interlude in a
busy life to get away for a
few enjoyable days from routine
and pettifogging detail, and
just for once allow your life
to be ordered for you.
How stimulating it all is!

Cunard

the hall-mark of sea service

For full information apply: Head Office, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3
(Liverpool Central 9201) 15 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Whitehall
7890), 88 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 (Avenue 3010) or any local
travel agent.



THE "QUEENS"—WORLD'S LARGEST LINERS

Conditionally released
this 10th day of May, 1954...



Stork's free at last—but not from stigma! The Law insists that it be called Stork Margarine. That's libel . . . slander . . . contempt of Stork! For millions will now try Stork Margarine and find it not guilty of tasting anything like margarine as they know it.

Obviously the Law has never tasted Stork. Reliable judges who *have* would as soon call foxhounds dogs as call Stork Margarine. Seriously though, we'd be the last to thumb noses at The Law.

For it was Stork Margarine that helped set the standards which the food laws are framed to safeguard. Stork first contained Vitamins A and D in 1934—but it wasn't until 1940 that Authority became Stork-abiding and required all margarines to do the same.

Now, through scrupulous selection and skilful blending of the cream of natural fats, we've given Stork a real creamy taste.

But, for your protection and ours,
we still have to call it Stork Margarine.

The Law and The Palate beg to differ—

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE



Before you say
SQUASH

ORANGE, LEMON
OR GRAPEFRUIT



say
Robinson's

THREE SHILLINGS
A BOTTLE

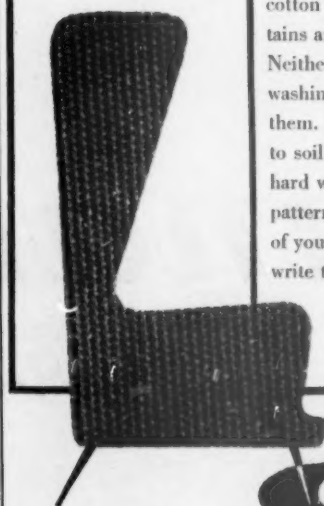


Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame

CVS-23

Fadeless linens
and cotton
repps in lovely
colours

Bring the sunshine of fresh, unfading colour into your house. Use beautiful plain Old Bleach linens and cotton repps for curtains and upholstery. Neither sun, sea air nor washing can wither them. They are slow to soil and wonderfully hard wearing. For patterns and the name of your nearest supplier write to Old Bleach



Old Bleach

FURNISHING FABRICS

Dept 7A

The Whispering Fish introduces...

The life and sole of the party...

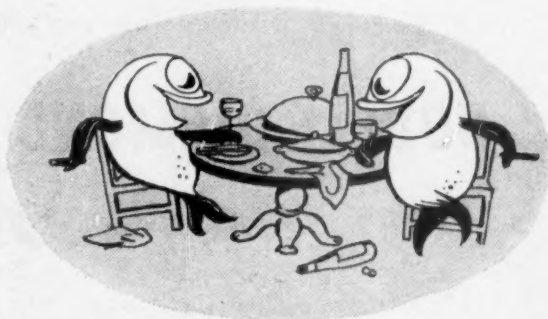


SOLE is the party fish par excellence: delicate of flavour, firm of texture, versatile as the sea-god Proteus himself. Good sole recipes abound, so diverse that a collection of them might well run into several quarto volumes. Think of Sole à la Normande, Sole Florence, Sole aux Champignons; the very names roll agreeably round one's tongue. And then, perhaps simplest of all to make, and certainly one of which epicures speak with respect, Sole Trouville.

SOLE TROUVILLE

Butter a fire-proof dish, sprinkle with finely chopped onion and toasted breadcrumbs. Lay 8 fillets of sole in the dish and pour over them $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cider which has been made very hot. Bake for 10 minutes in a moderate oven. Remove and season

each fillet and spread with a paste made by working flour and chopped parsley into a knob of butter. Continue baking until the fillets are cooked and serve in the dish in which they were baked. This is enough for four people.



Bless my sole!
That was a good dinner!



We solved *that* one
by getting **BERKELEY**
to put it on wheels!

The industrialist on the right hasn't had time to remove his topee. He's just rushed back from Africa to order some more **BERKELEY SPECIALISED CARAVANS** — this time it's kitchens, he already has an office and a first-aid unit.

The gentler type on the left is interested in libraries in rural areas — so he's a customer for **BERKELEY**, too.

Ask yourself how a special-purpose caravan could help your business (a mobile exhibition perhaps, or a travelling showroom?) Better still, ask **BERKELEY** to join in discussing possibilities.

BERKELEY are the biggest caravan builders in the country — their residential models, like their 'specials', are in use in many parts of the world. Incidentally, among many famous names, the Milk Marketing Board, 'English Electric' and Lotus & Delta Ltd. all seem very pleased with the 'specials' we have supplied.

Note the address:

Berkeley Coachwork (Sales and Export) Limited.
Dept. B, Biggleswade, Beds.

Never go without your Double Diamond



Wherever you go (yes, even when you are travelling) you are never far from a Double Diamond. A Double Diamond *works wonders* at any time—takes the tension out of life (and travel), revives your confidence, puts you back on top of your form. The world is at its best after a Double Diamond—wherever you are!

A DOUBLE DIAMOND

works wonders



IND COOPE'S DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON



**All the features
of a standard typewriter
yet a "portable" portable**

The

Olivetti Lettera 22 is specially designed for personal use. It is compact and light because good design and special materials have made it so. It is a complete typewriter, with nothing left out and no part of the construction skimped. In short, the LETTERA 22 is a first-class piece of precision engineering.

olivetti



Height: 3 1/4 in.
Overall Width: 12 in.
Depth: 12 1/2 in.
Weight: under 8 1/2 lbs.
Price £28.15.0d.

Made in Great Britain by **BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.**
10 Berkeley Square - London W 1

FACTORY: Summerlee Street - Glasgow E 3

Authorized dealers throughout the country

"Going to
America, Sir?"

TRAVEL AGENT



...I suggest you fly TWA...



...they'll look after you
all the way...



That's right, only TWA flies from
London to & across the USA...



...and TWA knows America*—
that'll save you a lot of time...



... which no doubt
you'll put to good use...



... Yes, Sir, we most certainly
recommend TWA! "

* TWA is the only airline linking Britain with 60 major
U.S. cities, coast to coast across America. This means
TWA knows America—and it's
one of the good reasons why—

3 MILLION people a year **FLY TWA**
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES
U.S.A. • EUROPE • AFRICA • ASIA

See your Travel Agent or 'phone TWA
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TWA Birmingham: CENTRAL 6469



HERE'S A CAR

that really enjoys motoring!

... and you'll enjoy its low running costs!

The spritely quality of its tireless engine; its stability when cornering at speed; the absence of pitch or body sway on rough going; the ease with which it breasts the hills—these virtues bespeak the high calibre of the purposeful Renault 750. Four adults travel roomily within the wheelbase, and rear passengers gain extra comfort by the space-saving flat rear floor feature. If it's all-round economy you're after here's what 'Light Car' had to say about the Renault 750 in a recent road test report. "With ordinary everyday use a consumption better than 50 m.p.g. might reasonably be expected." If you're in a small car and you're motoring de luxe—then you're sure to be driving a Renault!

RENAULT 750

Renault Limited, Western Avenue, London, W.3 • Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, S.W.1
CV5-271



Mother loves her little Hennessy
(Father does too!)

HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY





Sealed

FOR PROTECTION

Essolube motor oil is sealed for protection of quality. It keeps your car's engine running smoothly and efficiently — which is why the leading racing drivers always rely on it.

Approved

BY MOTOR MANUFACTURERS

This clear, clean mineral oil, approved by British motor manufacturers, is obtainable from leading garages and service stations in a wide range of grades that meet the requirements of all motor vehicles.

Guaranteed

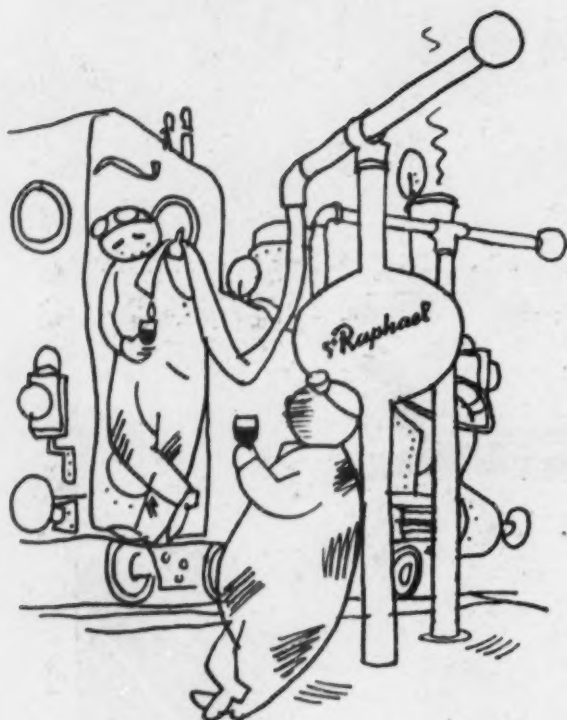
BY ESSO

Every bottle of Essolube motor oil bears the name of the world's largest and most experienced oil company — ESSO . . . your guarantee of outstanding quality, extra cleanliness and unequalled all-round engine protection.



EssoLube

THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL



In France
they drink more
St. Raphaël
than any
other aperitif

St. Raphaël is the real French wine-
aperitif, full strength, bottled in
France. 22/- a bottle.

Drink it by itself served cold with
a slice of lemon—that's how they
enjoy it in France; or have a gin
and St. Raphaël.



AND NOW
YOU CAN
GET IT
HERE—
FROM WINE
MERCHANTS
AND BARS

L'aperitif de France

SOLE IMPORTER

F. S. HATTA LTD. 218/220 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON S.E.1

Armchair comfort

STRENGTH OF STEEL



NEST-A-BYE
Armchair—steel tube
frame, wrinkle-plastic
covered steel seat
and back in a wide
variety of colours.
The chairs nest
compactly when
out of use.

For information
about the full range
of Sebel steel
furniture write for
leaflet U2 to Sebel
Products Ltd.,
West Street,
Erith, Kent.

Yes this Nest-A-Bye answers all the
seating problems. It's an armchair
cunningly shaped for comfort, made of
steel with all steel's durability. Clever
construction obviating welding, keeps
price low. Good looking, space saving.
Can be cleared from the floor in
a matter of minutes. A long-term
investment that pays off all the time.

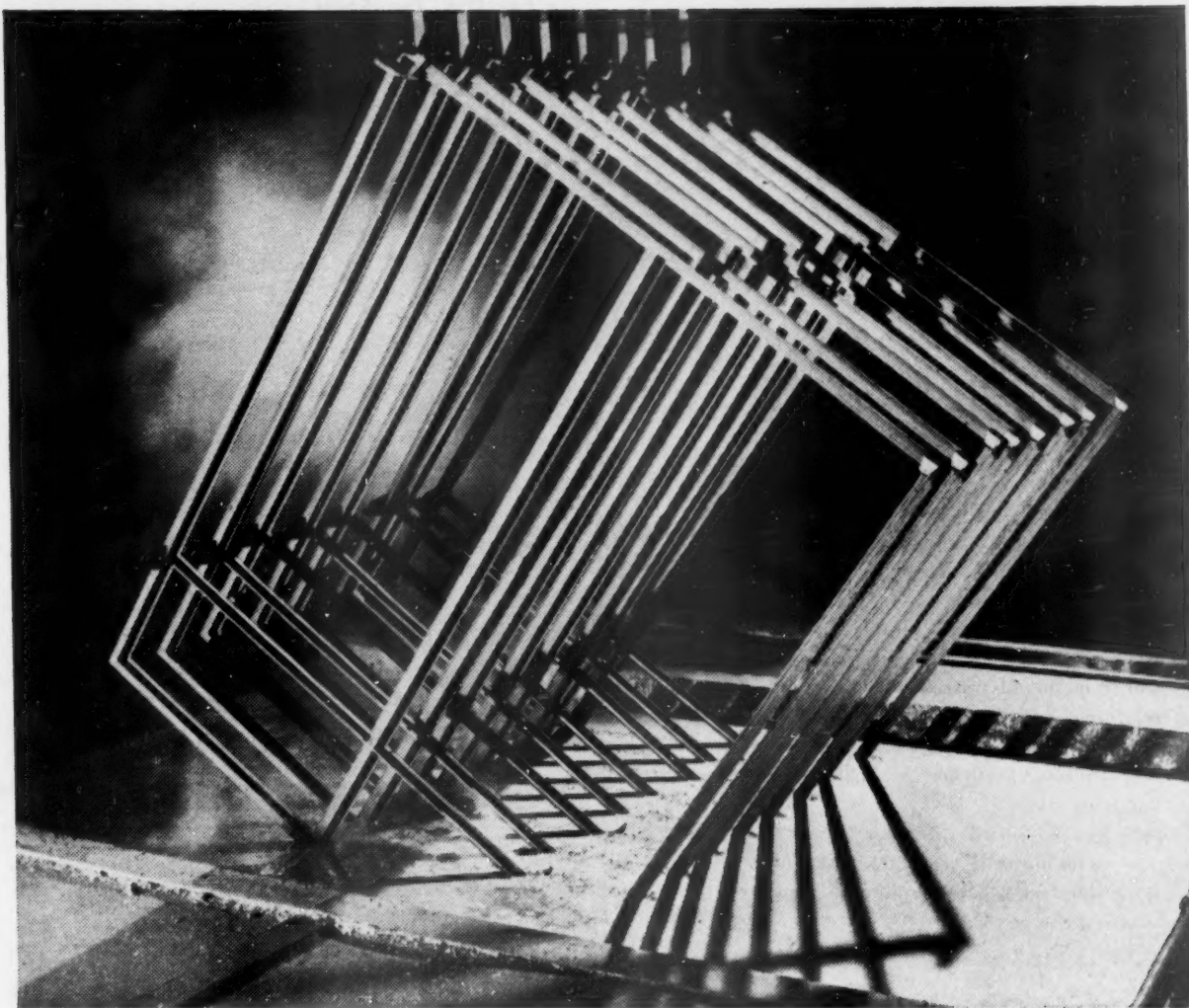


SEBEL

STEEL

FURNITURE

● STAK-A-BYE ● FOLD-A-BYE ● NEST-A-BYE



Ready for a really hot bath

Here are some Crittall steel windows about to take a bath in molten zinc. When they come out, they will have a positively rustproofed, galvanized surface — a tough, deep amalgamation of zinc with steel. This is the finishing touch to well-finished Crittall windows. It makes it certain that — with ordinary care, and with less than average maintenance cost — rust and corrosion will be kept at bay. It makes it more than ever desirable that Crittall rustproofed windows should grace and protect the buildings you are to live in and work in.

CRITTALL

POSITIVELY RUSTPROOFED WINDOWS

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO LTD · BRAINTREE · ESSEX

Factories and Depots throughout the country

TOW 5

The most noticeable thing about a noticeable man...

... is his collar and cuffs. Just think about men in the public eye. Don't you agree? Everybody notices crisp, smart collars, elegant cuffs—not only women, but men, too. Men who matter.

That's why, next time you choose a shirt, you should take a good long look at the Radiac Rex, with its multiple-weave semi-stiff collars and cuffs. Feel them with your fingers; that will tell you more than any words in an advertisement. See how the collars are reinforced with tape inside the fold—so they present a neat 'roll' (no sharp edge!), wear longer and more comfortably. And the 'coat' cut of the sleeves ensures flat-lying cuffs.

Now you know why, in your Radiac Rex, you'll be a man to be noticed!

With 2 collars the Radiac Rex costs no more than 37/6. And you can buy extra collars and spare cuffs, too!



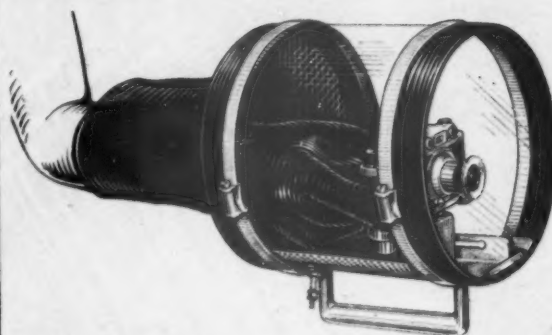
Radiac REX
THE KING OF SHIRTS

Shirt with 2 collars 37/6
Shirt only 32/-
Spare cuffs, per pair 4/9
Extra collars,
to match or white 2/9
Collar attached shirt
(Multiple-weave collar only) 30/-

If you have any difficulty in buying
Radiac Rex shirts send us a post-
card and we will gladly forward the
name of your nearest stockists.

RADIAC SHIRTS,
60 ALDERMANBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

Hand in Glove -



in a rubber glove - part of a special camera container for underwater photography. This special pressurized, perspex container is just one of the many fascinating items of equipment, connected with the immensely popular Underwater Sport, which may be seen at Lillywhites. Call in or send for our illustrated catalogue of Underwater Sports Equipment.

Lillywhites
OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

LILLYWHITES LTD. PICCADILLY CIRCUS SW1 and at EDINBURGH and BOURNEMOUTH

"The Best of the Bunch" MACKENZIE'S



'Fino Perla' Sherry - 'Regal' Tawny Port
MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.
20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO

NOW with a greatly enriched interior



at the same price!

STILL AS FAST . . . STILL AS ELEGANT . . .
and so much more comfortable! Sit back and revel
in the armchair comfort of the newly styled
seating and enjoy the luxury of the beautiful new
walnut fascia and door fittings. Now the last
word in refinement . . . and the price
remains the same.

*It's worth looking into—
phone your Humber dealer
to arrange a trial run TO-DAY.*

- WALNUT INSTRUMENT PANEL
- WALNUT DOOR CAPPINGS
- GREATLY IMPROVED COMFORT SEATING
- CORNER HEAD AND SHOULDER RESTS
- FRONT BUCKET SEATS OPTIONAL EXTRA



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS HUMBER LIMITED

£985 Plus p.t. £411. 10. 10 White-wall tyres, optional extra

HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

HUMBER LIMITED COVENTRY

LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD. DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY LONDON W.1

Punch, May 12 1934

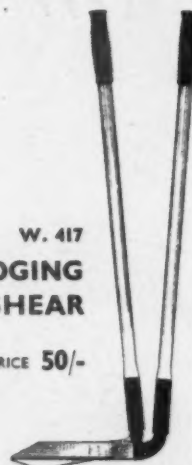
The GARDEN SHEAR of the FUTURE!



W.412

A revolution in Garden Shear design, fitted with RUST-RESISTING blades, Hollow Forged, combining strength with lightness. The Floating Bearing gives a smooth easy action. Using no spring, it offers a long wearing life and is adjustable when necessary. Designed for normal body movement and ease of cutting. Patent applied for. Write for illustrated leaflet T8.

-and you'll also want this



W. 417
EDGING
SHEAR

PRICE 50/-

WILKINSON SWORD

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD., LONDON, W.4.

30/-

STATE EXPRESS 555

*The Best Cigarettes
in the World*



The House of STATE EXPRESS, 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Are you a negative character—

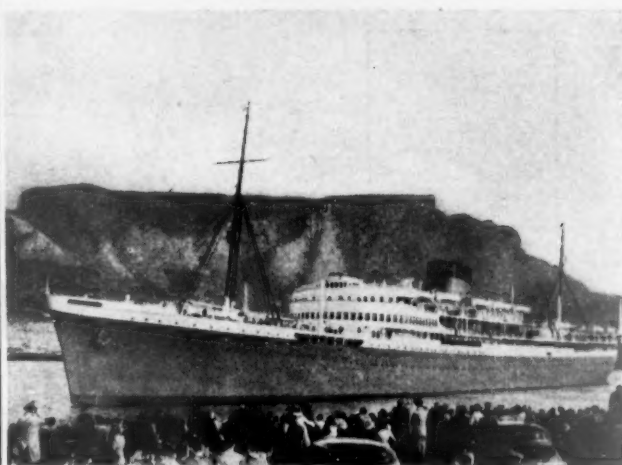


*or only a
positive nuisance?*

Some people never seem to get anywhere. Like Lepidus in 'Julius Caesar' they are "slight, unmeritable men, meet to be sent on errands", personalities without any force or any ambition. Sometimes they become fussy, full of misdirected energy, and generate a lot of unnecessary anxiety both in themselves and others.

For cool, calm, considered judgment a man must have confidence in himself. He must be physically on top of his form — and stay there. When you don't feel quite 'up to it' there's nothing so reviving as a glass of effervescent Andrews. Ends morning dullness and mental inertia. Increases the efficiency of the stomach and liver, helps you to work on a new system. Makes a new — and better — man of you.

ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS



A 12,000 mile winter sunshine voyage to South Africa and back for £150!

In the 25,567 ton Mailship *Athlone Castle* you can make the voyage to Cape Town and back for about 3d a mile — First Class.

**LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON
ON THURSDAY 18TH NOVEMBER**

You can return by either :—

Pretoria Castle, allowing 1½ days in Cape Town:

Arundel Castle, allowing 8 days in Cape Town:

Athlone Castle, allowing 15 days in Cape Town.

**£150 is the First Class return fare
to Cape Town. To continue your
voyage to Durban — 810 miles
further on — adds only £15 to the
return fare.**

What a wonderful chance to escape to sunshine for 4, 5, or 6 weeks! Make your reservations now: either with your Travel Agent or

UNION-CASTLE

3 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON EC3



By Appointment to the Late King George VI Charles H. Pugh Limited, Motor Mower Manufacturers.

ATCO

MOTOR MOWERS

Your lawn mown in less time at less cost with these light-handling, wider-cutting Atcos.

If you are buying an Atco this year — it is an investment which most lawn-owners make sooner or later — remember that for the average size lawn, it is false economy to use anything smaller than a 17 inch wide mower. Naturally if you are cutting a good wide swath, you do fewer runs, fewer grass box emptyings and of course use less fuel. The same thing applies if yours is a good-size garden; a 20 inch model is the best value. There is not a great difference in price between any of the models in the Atco "lawns" range and all are equally manoeuvrable and light to handle. The new Atcos are in the shops now; go and have a look at them.



There's no service like **ATCO** *SERVICE*

Remember, you don't buy a machine but a complete mowing service made available through the manufacturer's own Service Branches throughout the British Isles and operated expressly to maintain the value of your purchase.



CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9



TAXPAYERS reading the notes headed "Your Allowances for the Year 1954-55" enclosed helpfully with their recent assessment forms feel uncertain whether H.M. Commissioners are looking back or forward in the paragraph beginning: "If you or your wife live or work in a different place because of the war . . ."

Where This Year?

THOSE with holiday plans as yet unmade should glance at a travel pamphlet now circulating, bidding them to a "Land of Wonders" with "glorious



sunshine," "beautiful natural scenery," "facilities for every kind of sport," and the "exhilarating aspect of a vigorous nation energetically keeping abreast with modern progress without losing the charm and dignity of the Past." They will be welcomed with the "warm traditional hospitality" for which the country has, "since her remote Past, been world-famous." All particulars from the Egyptian State Tourist Department, Tel. Cairo 79394.

Flat Statement

FOREIGN Office observers await with interest the Press and radio reaction to Sir John Hunt's forthcoming Moscow visit, when he will give lectures on his Everest adventure. It is thought that for once the Russian propagandists may concentrate on making a molehill out of a mountain.

War Marches On

UNIT commanders in the U.S. Army exercise "Flash Burn" were able to follow advance action on

x

their sector fronts by means of television. So the sand tables and the flagged maps of headquarters operations rooms will soon follow the observation balloon and barbed wire entanglement into oblivion. Instead, in half-darkness, the top brass will gather round the receiver, in a silence broken only by the mutterings of A.D.C.s who can't see the screen, and the scratch of the C-in-C's pencil as he notes name and number of the more photogenic combatants, for bigger parts in future productions.

No Trouble So Far

HOUSEWIVES, though not certain what is behind Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to them to discount wild rumours of soaring meat prices after July 3, are nevertheless perfectly willing to do so. What they feel may be more difficult to discount is the actual bills.

Feet in Either Camp

THE report that "a chick hatched at Larkhill, Wilts., has two pairs of legs, pointing in different directions," has brought a flood of telephone calls



to Labour Party headquarters asking whether the creature is to be adopted as a party mascot.

Look Out, National Health

CHILDREN may develop misplaced teeth, says the British Dental Association, from watching television with their jaws resting on their hands. This is the first hint the public has had of present wide medical researches into other new threats to the nation's health.

The authorities are already said to be concerned over the spread of Viewer's Neck, Panel-game *grippe*, Announcer's Smirk, Dimbleby's Disease, Melancholia following cathode failure (rare), and a complaint not yet named in which the patient is a victim of nausea, lassitude and a general loss of interest.

Please Don't Touch

ABOLITION of "this silly business" of handshaking was advocated at the conference of the Royal Sanitary Institute. The practice is now known to spread disease. Editors of etiquette guides will be on to this already, no



doubt, urging the wearing of gloves during introductions, and the formally murmured "Pardon my hand" from people who have left theirs in a taxi.

No Competition

BRTAIN has two systems of education, says a writer to the *Daily Worker*, a superior one for the ruling class and a very inferior one for the mass of the people. On the other hand, "the Soviet Union has only one—and that the best." Or, to put it another way, there is none worse.

Infrastructure

AFTER debating the merits of round, square, oval, horseshoe and other shapes of table for the Indo-China conference, delegates at Geneva decided last week on a V-shape. They were influenced, it is understood, by the thought that each side can attach what symbolism it likes to this shape, from the thin end of a wedge to a widening rift. By moving their chairs



"St. Mary's, Lower Midthorpe, are threatening to swamp our Grandsire Caters on Saturday with a peal of Stedman Triples."

towards the apex delegates will be able to announce that the difference between them has been narrowed, and that their viewpoints are closer than they were.

Fire Down Below

COOKERY books, says a report, have now been issued to cooks aboard all Hull trawlers—a delayed repercussion, no doubt, of the recent angry scenes in Grimsby Town Hall when Mr. Philip Harben refused to prepare fish-and-chips at a public demonstration and insisted on a brandy soufflé instead. It is hoped for their own sake that the Hull trawler cooks will stick closely to the seafood sections. It would never do if, when invited to demonstrate in Grimsby, they insisted on brandy soufflés too.

Incentive to Leisure

ENGINEERS have been criticized by their fellow trade unionists for not taking the sixteen days' annual holiday which is their due. Holiday pay, it seems, is at time rates, lower than normal piecework earnings. Alternative solutions would be to pay men danger money while on holiday, in recognition of the hazards of mountaineering,

exposure to waiting-room draughts or sea-bathing on a full stomach; or to award a temporary cost-of-living bonus equitably based on hotel prices.

Cooking Hint

SOAP kings wage soapless war.

O Margarine!

O advertising pearls competitively uttered!

May Dr. Summerskill, the trap foreseen,
Make sure upon which side her bread
is buttered.

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z

STATEMENTS by the Department of Atomic Energy on plans for another reactor at Harwell refer warmly to the service rendered so far by the two existing piles, BEPO and GLEEP. This has come as a mild surprise to the strip-reading public, which had vaguely associated the words with, respectively, some obscure cartoon character and his favourite remark.

In the Dark

WHEN a Hounslow lady got eight guineas damages out of a cinema management, for a coat ruined by residual chewing-gum in the two-and-threepennies, several commentators saw

nothing more than a peg for jokes about her being glued to her seat. This was to miss the larger issue. The case signalized a precious victory for the film industry in the war raging, with public custom as the prize, between the cinematograph and television screens. What parent whose child pours orangeade down his new suit during Muffin the Mule is going to get eight guineas damages out of the B.B.C.?

No Extra Cover

LANCASHIRE women cricketers are sticking firmly to a decision to take the field in bare legs, despite some local criticism that this will give them a slovenly appearance. No attention should be paid to suggestions that the girls are sick of shouted injunctions to pull their socks up.

Nation of Dyspeptics

AFTER a flight at 1,650 m.p.h. in the American rocket plane X-1A Major Charles Yeager confidently predicted an air service between London and New York taking only half an hour each way, including time wasted in slowing up for landing. Business men complain that it will be impossible to do justice to the free lunch.

WELCOME THE QUEEN

ALL feasting and all tourney
In rusted time can fade,
For this was the Grand Journey
That no kings ever made.

THEY set no dreams of plunder
Nor found Hesperides
In the brave lands down under
And fringes of the seas.

BUT now to pitched pavilions
In barren lands and green,
Came ocean scattered millions
To bow before their Queen.

AND all the air was bright for her,
And winged her with its powers,
And new stars shone at night for her,
And in the day, new flowers.

OTOWNS with banners trembling,
And dances of the tribes
And senators assembling
And O laborious scribes!

NO pens had power to span it,
As speeding onwards still
About this careworn planet
Came tidings of goodwill.

SO to the royal rovers
Heart conquering and untired
Be thanks from all their lovers
By north, by south desired.

AND rolling proud as ever
Once more from distant foam,
The many masted river
Receives a Sovereign home.

EVOE



THE FALL OF DIEN BIEN PHU

A Thing About Rocks

WE were not stoned in Madrid. Everyone was *simpatico* and smiling. The patriotic student may have itched to stone us: but his last sortie from the study had been severely discouraged by his rulers, and he kept quiet. But this is not to say that our attention was not drawn to the Rock of Gibraltar. Near the entrance to the Savoy Hotel we read the large white message on the wall—WE SHALL FIGHT FOR THAT WHICH IS OURS: GIBRALTAR (Anyone, we felt, who troubles to use the colon with such care and correctness in a mural message must be serious-minded). Every Sunday, in *Arriba*, we read an angry article about Gibraltar, signed, rather strangely, "MACAULAY," which, some say, is the

pen-name of a Very Important Person. Indeed. These articles are always very cross about an article in *The Times*: they would be crosser still, we fancy, if it had been signed "CERVANTES."

We flew on to Gibraltar, and we have not been stoned here. Nor are we stoned on our small excursions into Andalusia. Stoning from the locals here is most unlikely. Somewhere on the coast road to Malaga, it seems, there is a Falangist Youth Centre, or something, which may offer mild discourtesies to passing naval officers. But the good thing about the Gibraltar Bicker is that we have no Resident Patriots, no "Sudeten" Spaniards, to worry about. It is safe to say that not one man dwelling on this strange historic Rock

is longing to see the Spanish flag fly over him. A "plebiscite" would be one hundred per cent for the brutal Briton: even a Gallup Poll could hardly go wrong. The Rock residents, the people of Gibraltar (we do not like the description "Gibraltarian," especially as we hear it may lead us on to something called "Gibraltarianization") are "mostly of Italian or Genoese descent; there are also a number of Maltese, and between two and three thousand Jews" (*Encyclopædia Britannica*). "The language of the people is Spanish": but "it is not very correctly spoken."

In the way of government it is a jolly British compromise. Though a Crown Colony and, first and last, a Fortress, it has a strong dash of democracy.



There is an Executive Council and a Legislative Council (the majority *elected*). The Governor is Prime Minister and Speaker as well, and, we suppose, has the last word, when necessary: but the local folk, through the elected element, have much more chance to get a word in edgeways than they would, shall we say, across the border.

Gibraltarans—how's that?—are proud people, they say, and far from keen on menial toil, especially at eventide. So, the Rock is really run by Spaniards, who cross the neutral territory by thousands (about twelve) every day, to work in the docks and elsewhere.

Antonio, who waits on you at the Rock Hotel, bicycles over from La Linea in the morning, goes back to the bosom of his family, with a bag of food, in the afternoon, and returns to duty in the evening. The Spaniards earn much more on the Rock than they would in Spain: and La Linea, they say, would starve without the food which the visitors are allowed to take home—not to mention the sugar and other commodities they smuggle. La Linea, then, would hate to have the Rock: and the strong flow of sterling must be satisfactory even to Madrid.

Our own solution is to dig a narrow canal between the air-strip and the neutral territory. There could be a bridge across it, but the Rock would be technically, as it is practically, an island, and no more part of the mainland than Malta, Jamaica, Ceylon or Singapore.

But let us not be thought to suggest that the Gibraltar Bicker is unworthy of attention. It is easy, but probably erroneous, to say that it is designed as a distraction from internal discontents. *El Caudillo* has, as the young ladies say, "a thing" about the Rock. A nice and simple man, they say: but, like other dictators, he has grand ideas. Everything is done in spacious, royal style. The Moorish Cavalry Guard look very fine on a State occasion, with their blue-and-white cloaks, plumed lances, spiked helmets and decorative harness: and—wake up, Britain—the horses' hoofs are gilded. That is the sort of man. Up in the Guadarramas, the lovely snowy screen of mountains north of Madrid, the Generalissimo is at work upon a stupendous enterprise, which may well be one of the wonders of Europe. It is a few miles east of the Escorial, and a resounding challenge to



"... and this is the expurgated edition."

that famous monument of Philip II. It is called, at present, *La Valle de Los Caidos*, the Valley of the Fallen. On a lofty sugar-loaf of rock below the mountains—rather grim at closer quarters—stands a vast cross, nearly finished. You see it many miles away. We understood a custodian to say that it is one hundred and twenty-seven metres high, which we make about four hundred and fifteen feet (the cross of St. Paul's is three hundred and sixty-five feet above the pavement). Huge

stone figures crouch at the foot. In front of the sugar-loaf are spacious terraces and tiers of stairs, commanding a majestic view of mountains and the plain of Madrid. At last you climb to a wide semi-circular entrance and through this, from the belly of the loaf, come dripping, loaded motor-lorries and the sound of pick and shovel. For in there they are hacking out of the solid rock an underground cathedral, and a high hall, in which we stood amazed, before it. We have seen nothing like it,



"I paint what I see."

strangely enough, except the chambers in the belly of Gibraltar. To this great grave of rock, in the end, are to be brought the bones of all those who fell in the Civil War—some say both sides, some say the conquerors only.

Behind the cross, between the sugar-loaf and the mountain, and therefore shut off from the view, is a monastery, simple, dignified, and satisfying in style. The panelled refectory and library, the well-warmed, well-lit cloisters are fine. The spacious kitchens in the basement, the chocolate-maker, the washing-up machines, the laundry, remind one of a great hotel. The cells, too, seem comfortable enough, with their showers and, in some cases, bathrooms. All this looks almost ready, beds and pictures are in place, and the fortunate monks might move in to-morrow. (What monks? We know not. Some say it is to be a sort of international meeting-place for the monks of the world.) But much more time, and many more pesetas, must pass before the monks can walk between the fish ponds to the mighty cross and take the down lift to the buried cathedral.

We are proud to have seen this extraordinary confection in the making. It is muttered that so much money and material were better spent on the

housing of the people: but so men muttered before the Festival of Britain, and even before the Coronation. The world of to-day may speak of extravagance or vanity: but the world of to-morrow, we believe, may find the conception splendid and the work a wonder.

That, at all events, is the kind of man who is behind the Gibraltar Bicker. By which we do not mean that he is sound but that he is serious (especially

since he began to bask in the American sun), and therefore not, so to speak, to be sneezed at. The man who conceived this mighty monument in the Guadarrama mountains may well have rocks on the brain. There has been talk, even among some benevolent Britons, of a formal surrender of the Rock, followed by a lease back to Britain. Yes, but for how long? And what flag would fly on the fortress then? (Over the new American bases, we understand, no American flag will fly.) And, if a treaty were signed to that effect, how long would it endure? *El Caudillo* has done good work for his people: but he has not pleased every man, whether in Bloomsbury or Barcelona. He is mortal, he may die to-morrow. What will follow him? No man can tell. And what, after all this, do we conclude? Below us in the sun we can see the Home Fleet, looking pretty good. The *Vanguard* is being slowly extracted, like a monstrous tooth, from dock, Admiral Denny, Commander in Chief, aboard. There are the trim *Superb* and some of the big new destroyers. Submarines slip in and out, and helicopters circle and hover like humming-bumble-birds round their carrier mamma. Two more great carriers are out in the still blue Bay. All this activity seems rather more important to the planet than the arguments of the Very Important Person Indeed. So we conclude "No action." But not "No comment": for we must say how glad we are that we are not Her Majesty's Ambassador at Madrid.

A. P. H.

Ghosts Walk at Holland House

A Youth Hostel is to be established in the East Wing of Holland House

MACAULAY should be living at this hour, Returning rucksacked to this place of power, Pulling off boots, before he starts to talk To Sydney Smith about his morning's walk. Carlyle, the Ecclefechan rambler, jeers While Lady H. brews cocoa for the peers, The prelates, princes, men of mark and stamp, Dressing the blisters from their healthy tramp. All do as this stern lady warden wishes: So Talleyrand and Bentham wash the dishes. Each to their tasks, at ten to sleeping-bags. No drinking here: no routs: no midnight rags. Lights out! And silence. Impenetrable dark Curtains old Holland House and Holland Park.

LAWRENCE BENEDICT



NATIONAL ANTHEM

EVERY day, by patient skill and industry, the frontiers of knowledge are pushed a little farther outwards. Take the soiling of net curtains. For many years now the fact that these contrivances get damned dirty in a sooty atmosphere has been half suspected by the ordinary housewife as she crouches behind them in an effort to see what the neighbours are up to. But half-suspicions are not knowledge. You cannot make them into graphs or express them as percentages. You can scarcely even draw any valid conclusions from them, except perhaps that it is time the curtains were washed.

That the cold white light of certainty has at long last, in this post-Coronation year of 1954, been shed on the hitherto dimly-illuminated question of curtain fouling is due entirely to the energy and initiative of the Electrical Association for Women. While the rest of the world went carelessly on its way this devoted band (of whom some of my readers will perhaps be hearing for the first time) set themselves resolutely to prove that net curtains get dirtier in manufacturing cities like Leeds and Manchester than in such quiet oases as Abinger Hammer and Midhurst. They succeeded. This in itself need occasion no surprise; indeed, professional scoffers may claim that the result was a foregone conclusion and that a more fooling waste of time and money than this inquiry could hardly be conceived by the mind of man. But it is not the result so much as the manner of its presentation that excites

Net Result —?

By H. F. ELLIS

respect. What the professional scoffer forgets is that *statistics are the basis of all good government*, and you cannot have statistics without a proper inquiry. Let him, before he scoffs too freely, ask himself: What percentage of housewives in large towns wash their net curtains once a month? He has no idea. But the Electrical Association for Women can tell him. As the result of a questionnaire sent to hundreds of net-curtain users all over the country the Association are able to state without fear of contradiction that "thirty-nine per cent of housewives in large towns wash their curtains every month, while none let them go dirty longer than six months," whereas in rural areas "only three per cent do a monthly wash, thirty-eight per cent wash their curtains every three months, and twenty-eight per cent every six." Two per cent wash them only once a year, the scallywags.

Significant as these figures are—you have only to express them as a graph of washings against smoke-emission per acre-hour to see how the laundry-frequency curve rises as the soot falls—the E.A.W. were not content. Percentages, unless supported by independent evidence, may easily mislead, and it was still necessary to show, as the *Manchester Guardian* rightly points out, that "the high frequency of curtain washing in the large towns was not a result of custom or excessive 'house-proudness.'" The Association, in other words, were determined to produce *conclusive* proof that soot makes curtains dirty. To this end, they took the trouble to hang new net curtains at windows in six carefully selected places in England and leave them suspended there for the space of one lunar month. At the beginning and end of this period they measured the reflectivity of the surface of each of these curtains—what the layman would call its "whiteness"—by means of a photo-electric reflectometer.

Times change, and science continually brings new aids to the patient investigator. In the old days, when I and my colleagues of the Men's Gaslight League were trying to show that the incidence

of rats was higher in small sewers than in the operating theatres of large hospitals, we had no such instruments to help us. We had to rely entirely on our own observations down manholes and such evidence as could be got from patients coming out from under anaesthetics. But that is no criticism of the E.A.W., who rightly availed themselves of all the assistance they could get in their complex investigation. The reflectometer results, based on a reading of one hundred for snow-white linen, are worth quoting in full:

Net curtain, new. All districts . . . 85
Ditto after one month. Abinger Hammer 78-82; Midhurst 78-82; Clapham 72-78; Corby 68-76; Manchester 64-70; Leeds! (my exclamation mark) 50-58.

There is practically no limit to the things that can be done with these figures by a statistician worth his salt. They can be multiplied by population densities to prove that the weekly wash is heavier per square mile in Manchester than in Abinger Hammer. They can be put on a map of England in the form of horizontal and vertical shadings to show areas with a net-curtain reflectivity-drop of more or less than twenty-five per cent per lunar month. They can be plotted against the washing-frequency percentages to produce a house-proudness curve. They could, with a little trouble, be compared with the figures for detergent sales in each area and thus help soap-kings to plan their autumn campaigns.

But what the Electrical Association for Women actually did with them was probably the best. They bundled them up in a Report, together with some additional information that I haven't time to go into now about the average time per family per week spent on washing and ironing, and sent the whole lot to the Government's committee on air pollution.

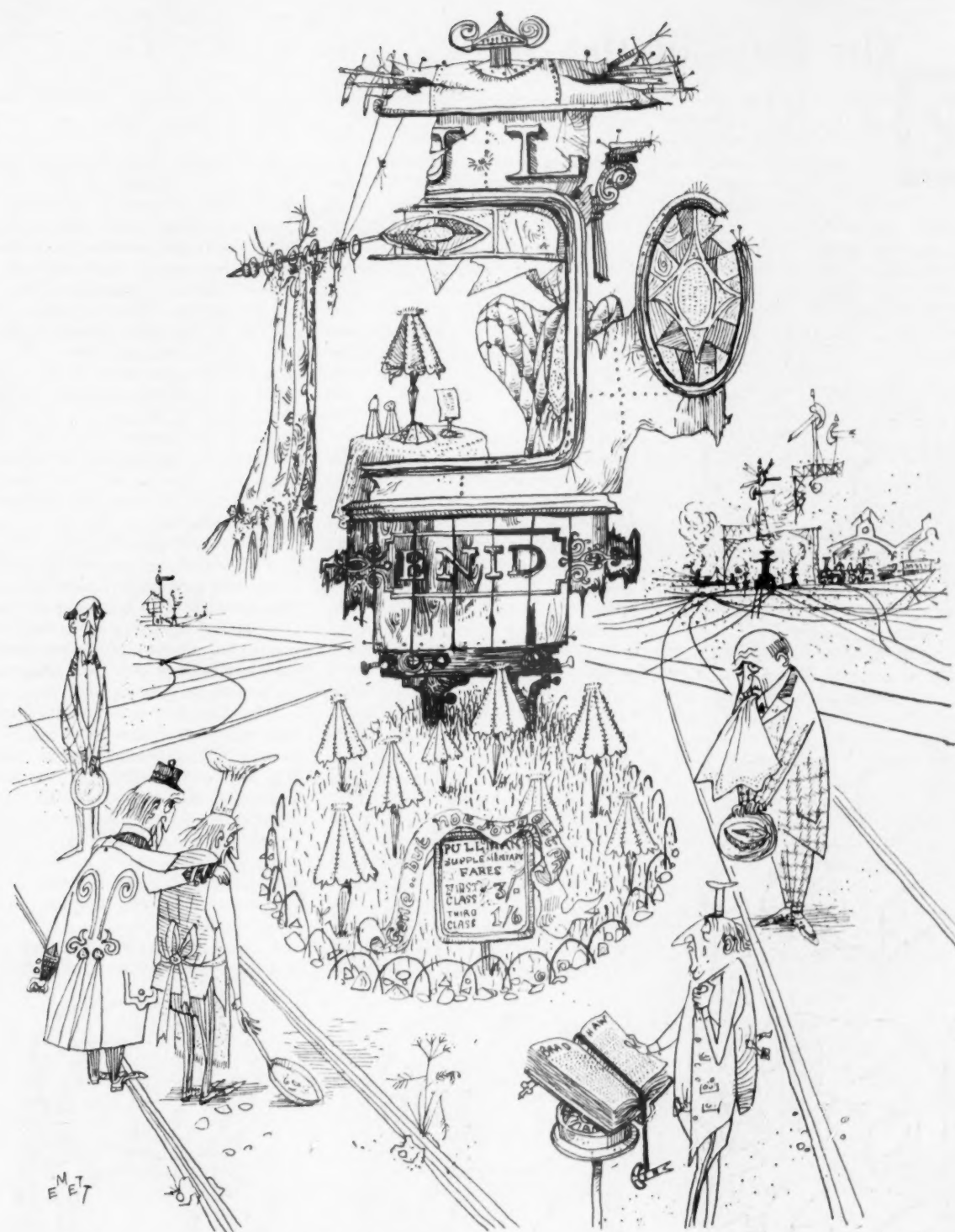
The next move is with the committee. My guess is that they will put the Report in a carefully selected pigeon-hole and leave it there for the space of at least 0.1c solar year.

"Sir Gladwyn, who was permanent representative to the United Nations for nearly four years . . ."

Eastern Daily Press

No need to get cynical.





A suggestion for a quiet Garden of Remembrance at Crewe when the Pullman Coach has been taken over by British Railways.

The Days of the Week

By CLAUD COCKBURN



ROARS of applause are nice too, but there is historical evidence for the belief that you get, in the end, better service out of a sound piece of denunciation and insult by some properly accredited reviler. I learned this personally from the late Ramsay MacDonald, a Prime Minister of sorts at the time, which was the time of the World Economic Conference, round about 1933. He reviled me in the

crypt of the Geological Museum, South Kensington.

Occasion for this nourishing stream of abuse was a thing I did after bidding a very cordial farewell to *The Times*. I had no quarrel with *The Times*, nothing at all against the Majority Shareholder, the Minority Shareholder, the Editor, the Acting Foreign Editor, the Foreign and Imperial News Editor, the Advertising Manager, the Chief Accountant, or even the Lawyer, except just the feeling that life as a journalist might be somehow simpler, more straightforward, if none of them was there.

One of the things working for somebody else's paper had suggested to me was that probably it would be nicer to have a paper of one's own. About £10,000 was what people said to start even a smallish weekly paper couldn't possibly cost less than, and I did not wish mine to cost more than £40, because that was all I had, and to raise the balance would introduce the very frets I was seeking to avoid—shareholders and advertisers and printers with expensive works that could be seized if any little thing went wrong.

G. K. Chesterton wrote of editors living in the shadow of three fears—fear of misprints, fear of libel actions, and fear of the sack. One aimed to disregard all considerations of that kind, more particularly the second, because what was in mind was a revival of the uninhibited eighteenth-century English tradition of the Newsletter. It was going to give the customers the sort of facts—political, diplomatic, financial—which were freely discussed in Embassies and Clubs, but

considered too adult to be left about where newspaper readers could get at them.

In my newsletter anything interesting could get a U-Certificate. The slogan was "*Mais si, devant les enfants!*" I put a second-hand duplicating machine into a cubby-hole in an attic in Victoria Street, thus saving some honest printer from a whole lot of anxiety and trouble. An enthusiastic volunteer, a man from Vancouver who knew about business and insisted he could get a lot of advertising for the paper, went out of his mind after three weeks, just outside the Army and Navy Stores, where he knelt on the pavement one morning addressing me as his Brother in the Sun. As I drove him to the nursing home I realized I had been right all along about advertising.

Lawyers volunteered to help too, but it was pointed out to them that they were either good lawyers, in which case they would have to keep saying "You can't publish that, it's actionable," or bad lawyers, ignorant of whether things were actionable or not. In either case, not germane to the purpose.

I had heard that news-stands and bookstalls were sometimes a little touchy, so the newsletter—it was called *The Week*—was mailed direct to subscribers, in plain envelopes. To make it noticeable it was mimeographed in dark brown ink on buff-coloured foolscap. It was not merely noticeable, it was unquestionably the nastiest looking bit of work that ever dropped on a breakfast table.

A couple of rather *mouvementés* years later this small monstrosity was one of



the half-dozen British publications most often quoted in the press of the world, and included among its subscribers the Foreign Ministers of eleven nations, all the Embassies and Legations in London, all international spies of any standing, diplomatic correspondents of principal newspapers in three continents, the leading banking houses in London, Paris, Amsterdam and New York, King Edward VIII, Senator Borah and the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Very respectable people caught reading it said they only did so to see what shocking lie it would tell next. Many others on the subscription list led such active lives in business or politics that they got gaoled or shot before their subscriptions even expired.

But at the outset the sailing was far from plain. Someone gave me an old list of one thousand two hundred people who had once been interested in something or other, and these I circularized with the first number of *The Week*. It looked absolutely sure-fire. Everyone, I thought, would love the highest when he saw it, and, at a cautious estimate, at least one thousand would be sending their cheques or postal orders by return of post. It was a miscalculation. The number of paying customers secured by that circularization was seven. Just seven.

Apart from the moral shock—disclosure of low mental level all around, nation sunk in apathy, absence of true sense of values—this lack of response left hardly any money to circularize anyone else, and raised the whole question of how to go on living at all.

It was in the third or fourth week, with the circulation awfully steady at thirty-six, that the Prime Minister intervened. This World Economic Conference they were having—some



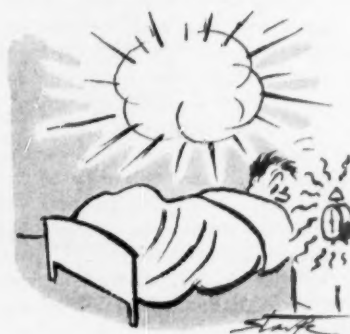
"I want to employ someone to find out if my husband is having me watched."

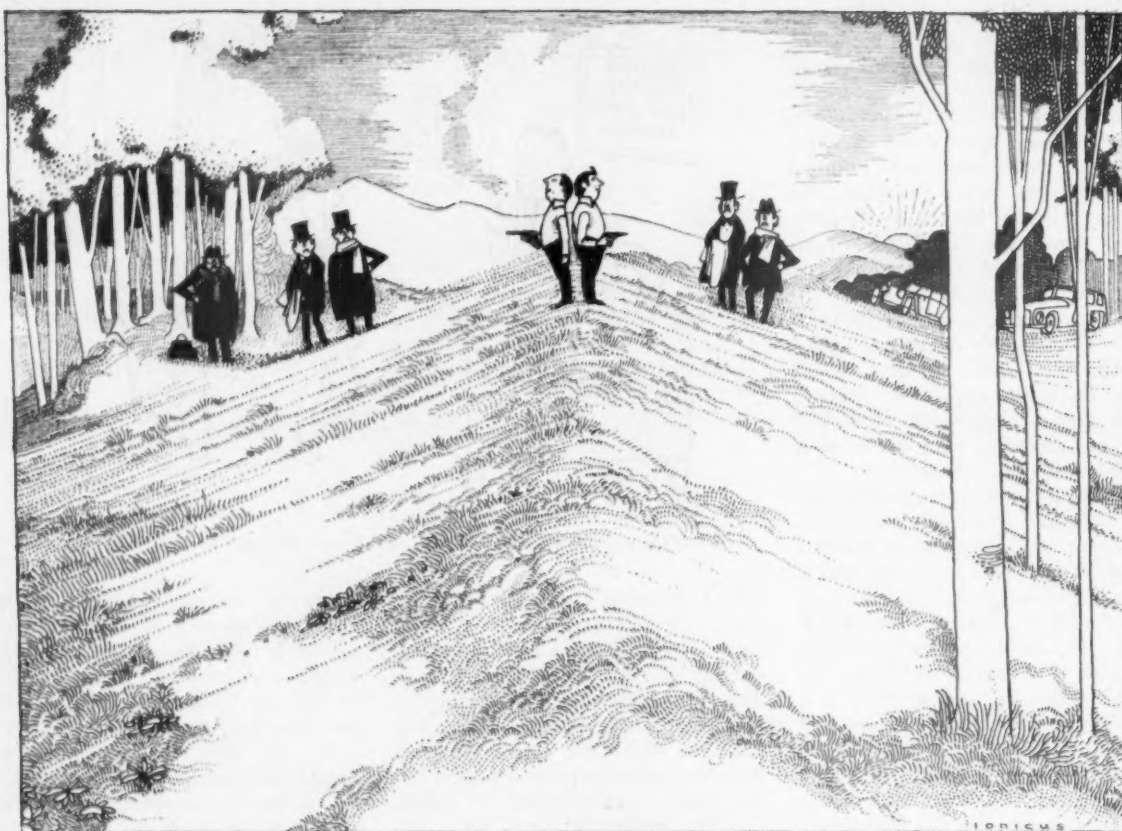
joker had housed it among the fossils in the Geological Museum—was a big thing in his life. Figuratively speaking, he had his name in lights all over it. The Premier excepted, almost everyone from Leadenhall Street to the Afghan Legation knew the Conference was dying on its feet, but it was thought not very good taste to point in public. "Useful spadework" was what the newspapers said was going on.

The Week in a special issue reported extensively upon what was really being said *sotto voce* by informed observers. It remarked that the only spade at work on the Conference was the grave-digger's. Quoting Charles Dickens, it saw fit to liken the position of the Conference leadership to that of the Dover mail, which "was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all

suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey."

On the day this appeared Mr. MacDonald came down to the Conference looking, as someone remarked, as though he were on his way to Clarkson's to hire a martyr's halo. He convened a special off-the-record press conference in the crypt. He said he had a private warning to utter. Foreign and diplomatic correspondents from all over the world jostled past mementoes of the Ice Age to hear him, for as a Warning Utterer he was really tiptop. In his unique style, suggestive of soup being brewed on a foggy Sunday evening in the West Highlands, he said that what we saw on every hand was plotting and conspiracy, of this, that and the other





kind, in the larger sense, and here in his hand was a case in point, tantamount to just that sort of thing.

Everyone pushed and stared, and what he had in his hand was that issue of *The Week*, and he went on to quote from it, and denounce it, and to warn one and all to pay no heed to these false prophets of disaster, actuated by motives of this, or that or the other thing. Good strong stuff, and stimulating to these people who hitherto had never heard of *The Week* and, but for this, possibly never would have. Regrettably, I had to miss a good deal of it, because my problem was how to dash back to Victoria Street in time to answer the telephone, which would soon be vibrating with anxious *cognoscenti*.

It was ringing all right. "This is the Diplomatic Correspondent of *Le Matin*, I want . . ." "Here Diplomatic Correspondent, *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, require immediately . . ." By teatime the circulation was in the seventies, with Pertinax and Madame Tabouis well up there with the leaders.

And then, to prove that it wasn't just raining, it was pouring, a new gusher spouted.

Afar off I heard muttering and puffing and then upon the ladder-like stair leading to the cubby-hole the thunder and crack of impetuous feet. In a split trice the place was heaving and bulging with enormously moustachioed men, and women with mauve veils, speaking excitedly of the prophet Isaiah.

What did they want? They wanted subscriptions to *The Week*. Why? Because at a neighbouring Hall—Caxton or Central—there was in session a concourse of citizens taking the view that the future may readily be foretold by measuring the Pyramids, and that the British—even, stretching a point, the Americans—are the Lost Tribes of Israel. Someone had read aloud to this gathering a passage from an earlier issue of *The Week*, and it absolutely confirmed something Isaiah said. It could be that *The Week* was directly inspired by the prophet. In any case, they wanted forty subscriptions, quick.

One of these enthusiasts, a secretary of the organization from somewhere in the north, loitered to talk with me. He had the air of maintaining—how shall one say?—a possibly more normal relationship to reality than some of his co-believers. Trading on this, I ventured to ask him whether he was not a good deal pestered by the sort of person who really thought you only had to look up the length of some gallery in the Great Pyramid to know what was going to happen in the middle of next year.

That, he said, was, quite frankly, only too often the case.

"You get," he said, "a lot of these people who rush in expecting an answer to such a question right away. They simply cannot realize that to work out a thing like that accurately often takes several days."

Our Defamatory Press

"GREAT SERVICE TO EDUCATION
Mr. E. J. Russ Resigns
From County Committee."

Salisbury Journal

The Bear Idea

By LORD KINROSS

OURS is a club for nice people, in a nice residential area. It is kept nice and warm—as it needs to be. Eric, our secretary, prefers coke to electricity, and has ingenious ways of stopping up draughts. He is quite a wag, and has a jocular word for each one of us, as we come in in the evenings, thus creating a nice friendly atmosphere. We are all on Christian-name terms, and the handy little cartons in which we keep our glasses are marked by Eric in nice Gothic lettering. Reg and Mavis, Walter and Dorothy and Doug, with our numbers added. Taking them out from the shelves and leaving our valuables with Eric, we go up to the undressing-rooms, kept nicely separate, ladies' and gentlemen's. Here we leave our clothes—never nice things to wear—and trot briskly down the warm linoleum stairs to the first-floor clubrooms below. Here other nudes are sitting around in groups, chatting politely, or listening to a nice programme on the radio, or watching the more energetic nudes play table-tennis or billiards.

It was a Society interested in the nude which first put us in touch with the club. We paid the Society a subscription, and were asked to a nice meeting, where a lady with a friendly Lancashire accent advised us how to get together with other would-be nudes in our respective postal districts. We ought to form groups, she said, just for discussion at first, and then to look for suitable premises. Once found, they must be made weather-proof and draught-proof, and then we might start off with a nice party: decorate the place up a little, bring some eats and, in order to raise more funds, perhaps have a small raffle, or a small nude whist-drive. We were just ordinary folks, she reminded us, not cranky folks, as some folks thought, and we had a common bond in the way we wanted to live.

Ladies, we would agree, sometimes got too fond of their clothes. For her part, she said, "I often like just to get off the whole lot": not necessarily, she added, at home, in front of her husband—that was different; but at the club,

among other nice folk. There were folks who talked about modesty, but, as we all knew, that was largely ignorance. We would be entitled, she concluded, to the Society's silver badge, a bear; and she made a nice little pun to indicate that this was how we aspired to be. A little bear worn in the buttonhole, or, even more aptly, behind it, would help us to be recognized and to get into conversation with other potential nudes in trams and buses. After an interval for questions, in which a gentleman kindly offered stationery and envelopes for the groups at special reduced rates, we dispersed, with friendly good nights, into the Tottenham Court Road.

Eventually we found our way to Eric's club, in North London, tempted by a letter which promised us Mediterranean sunshine, infra-red and ultra-violet, a large and beautifully decorated lounge, with sofas and easy chairs for the nudes to recline in, a dart lobby with "modern lighting and mechanical scoring for the keen players," a TV room ("nice and warm and you sit back



"My dolly's hot-water bottle has got cold."

and see the outside world from within"), a bathroom "with a shower for either sex," a canteen "where our Hostess is waiting to serve you with hot tea or coffee, sausage rolls, meat pasties, cakes and scones—each one to his or her fancy; having ordered our repast we take it to the tea lounge, a clean warm room, where you may sit at your leisure"—and finally a billiards- and tennis-room, "comfortably heated, so that you never feel chilly."

"D'you think you'll like it?" we were asked. "I know you will, because my ambition is to make you all very, very happy, and to keep you happy." The letter ended, "Now to bid you cheerio and we hope to have the honour of your patronage as a member. Very sincerely yours, ERIC." We answered a questionnaire about ourselves. We were interviewed, trying to behave as nicely as possible, by Eric. To our great relief, we were elected, and given a nice, discreet green deckle-edged card, with some letters printed at the top of it, and our Christian name and number inscribed beneath.

So now here we lie on a mammoth mattress, with our glasses on, a mixed dozen of nudes, including one weighing twenty stone, all lit yellow and mauve by the health-giving rays of ten mercury ultra-violet arc lamps, listening to a gentleman on the radio talking about the rate of production per man hours in the factories, and fanning ourselves with a

choice of nudist periodicals, from which we learn items of interest.

The swim-suit, we learn, is the greatest single cause of water contamination at public swimming-pools. Wales, we note, has at last "come into line" and, who knows, "before many years we shall all be trooping to an undraped Eisteddfod." We inspect with interest photographs of a game of nude badminton in the Surrey hills, and of a nude "King and Queen," ceremonially crowned and sceptred at a rally in the rain in New Zealand. We ponder the sentiment "that social nudity is a truly international ideal transcending the arid exchanges of national power politics and diplomacy," and support the hope that "no potential Joe McCarthy exists in the British naturist movement. How unfortunate it would be for all those sunbathers who go red before they tan!"

We find ourselves in sympathy with the lady who writes: "We women sometimes hear criticisms of what we wear when, so to speak, we are wearing nothing; but I think in one respect, at any rate, the men are worse offenders against the eye. The pebbles of Hertfordshire are very hard, we know, and most of us need foot-protection, but it is common at one well-known club to see the male form rising from a pair of dark brown shoes and brilliant red hose, or alternatively from black shoes and socks delicately set off by white clocks. It spoils things dreadfully."

Feeling hot, looking red, we now proceed, a vulnerable target, down the dart-lobby to the shower-bath, then upstairs to take tea. Here we are served, through a hatch, by Rita and Doris, who wear, most provocatively, clothes. Above them is a notice which requests us to bring back our cups. ("It really does help in the kitchen. Ta. Rita and Doris.")

Mrs. Siddons and the Laughing Cavalier, in coloured plaster, look down on us, likewise encumbered, from the walls of the tea lounge, where we sit before the coke stove, at a table with a plastic checked tablecloth, chatting cosily of

the price of television sets, juvenile delinquency, methods of arresting baldness, motor-bicycles, or the upbringing of Prince Charles. Most of the ladies carry handbags, and have kept on their jewellery: gay earrings of diamonds, discreet necklaces of pearls. They gossip away, with a hint of nostalgia, about nylons and other unworn garments.

Next door in the billiards-room they sit with the gentlemen on leather chairs, drinking their tea, with plates of fruit-cake on their laps, and, to take the chill off the plates, hankies neatly spread beneath them. ("There must not be any kind of smoking over the billiards-table. The last one was ruined by tobacco ash and perspiring fingers.") In the music-room, decorated with nudist clocks and gilded statuary in an exuberant, baroque style, a nude lady sits at the piano, singing slowly "Smilin' Through," all alone, because in the TV room, furnished with stalls well-upholstered and soft to the skin, there is a performance of Sindbad—on ice, but clothed.

It is Eric's boast: "You never know from one week to another what next we are going to give and attract you with." Once a year, on a Saturday evening, it is "our get together and go mad party." This, we are promised, "will go on till about 11 p.m., and planes and helicopters, charas and cars will be there to take you home, I don't think . . . It will be quite unnecessary to remind Members that no intoxicating drinks may be brought into the club for consuming on these premises." The grub, however, is on the house. Conventions being relaxed for the evening, we wear paper hats. We are entertained by a magician, a member of the club who has put on clothes for the occasion, and afterwards we sing songs and blow trumpets. The ladies are all nicely permed, and as the evening draws to a close there is an air of pleasant expectation as we watch them emerge from the dressing-rooms, one by one, flaunting forms which are fully clothed.



"Put a ½ cup of vinegar in the spot where your last knitting increase was made. It is then easy to remember when hand were to do the next one."

Household hint from the *Natal Mercury*
Also hides the spot.

MASTERPIECES OF VICTORIAN ART RESTORED



Norman Mansbridge

After "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, R.A.

Her First Audition



"I've gone out—your dinner's in the oven."

Days in the Dream Factory

By KENNETH TYNAN

SATURDAY. Flew out of New York with light valise containing wispy dacron-orlon suit, savage-looking Hawaiian shirt and opaque blue glasses, which am assured are standard cocktail garb in Hollywood. Mental luggage includes several neatly folded prejudices, guaranteed hidebound. Spend journey practising faint smile which I shall need playing about lips.

Feel fully prepared for Film City as result of encounter last night with saturnine young man named Steve, who showed me brutal board game of his own invention called "Stardom." Steve, raised on diet of movie lore, has omnivorous Hollywood memory and can answer cryptic questions such as "Why Did Piper Laurie Collapse on Set?" or "Who Co-starred with Claude Gillingwater in 'Toast of the Legion'?" Game is played on large map of Beverly Hills, with homes of female stars clearly marked: object is to achieve stardom by visiting round dozen of them as paid

guest. Governed by fall of dice, players move mink-covered lipsticks around board; after moves, "Chance Cards" are drawn—e.g. "Time for your annual visit to the grave of Elissa Landi. Pay 7,000 dollars for simple wreath of sunflowers and black diamonds." Naive pastime, power-crazed and heartless. When in Rome, obviously, behave as *Quo Vadis?* unit did.

Plane crosses desert, ribbed like beach after outgoing tide has fingered it. Twisting in seat, take backward look at Rockies; glowing in sunset, they resemble aged Indians squatting impassively before campfire. Soon, Los Angeles, urban area covering six hundred square miles: by night a smashed jewel-box laid out in necklaces, extensively pretty. Someone points out film première: "See them search-lights?" Long beams spy out the sky. Think darkly of thrashing legs of moribund insects.

Sunday. Make conducted tour of

Beverly Hills, Dormitory of Stars. Receive first impression of village where every house is *château*. Head-on collision of architectural styles (Spanish baroque encroaching on Frank Lloyd Wright) is muted by profuse vegetation: palm, cypress, jacaranda, bougainvillea, flaming eucalyptus, plumbago. Investigate shrouded mansions of Summit Drive, empty Chaplin palace and deserted Pickfair; bizarre big-game museum occupied by Stewart Granger, wife and assorted buffalo skulls, multi-terraced villa, once owned by Buster Keaton, now transformed by James Mason into cat-sanctuary. Am told *mot* of Fred Allen's: when Mason wants butler, he just steps on adjacent cat.

Note smugly that Humphrey Bogart lives near Charing Cross Road, which is semi-cart-track off Sunset Boulevard. Guide asserts that Californians change architects as often as New Yorkers change psychiatrists. Informed that I do not work in films, he cries: "Ah! A civilian!" Seeing pair of blue-chinned giants chatting on hotel patio, reflect on truth of statement by George Kelly, the playwright, that Beverly Hills is really City In Hiding, peopled with hoods and gamblers. Two men are identified by guide as star and executive producer. Hollywood, land of contrasts: where any day you can see the very rich rubbing shoulders with the rich. Strange pacific atmosphere, which I trace to fact that there are no pedestrians in sight. Am warned that, after dark, pedestrians are likely to be picked up by cops on charge of vagrancy.

Evening: friends throw a party or (in Hollywoodese) toss a wing-ding. Among wing-dingers is Zsa Zsa Gabor, who expresses opinion that marriage as institution will shortly be abolished. Also seems obsessed with notion that seven-year-old daughter Francesca is putting on weight purely to spite her. Meet English script-writer who recounts how once he took Dylan Thomas to luncheon at studio commissary, where Thomas startled sober throng by ordering six bottles of beer and, when told that man at next table was studio chief, swung round and, after full minute's scrutiny, shouted: "I've never seen such a terrifying face!"

Wing-ding ends early, since guests work six-day week and must greet the dawn. Much of evening spent watching television. Two bulky wrestlers,

nostalgically equipped with Liverpool accents, are introduced as Lord Bleers and Lord Leighton. Local evangelist named O. L. Jagers, thickset enough to worry either of their Lordships, begins harangue with: "Before I bring you the message on the hydrogen bomb, brothers and sisters . . ." Camera pans round erupting congregation: "That way," grunts fellow wing-dinger, "they'll overcrowd Heaven." Induce sleep by reading story in "Mystic" magazine about Neptune, alleged visitor from Other Planet: "When Neptune spoke, his voice was calm and dispassionate: 'Communism, Earth's present fundamental enemy, masks beneath its banner the spearhead of the United Forces of Evil.'" Faint smile firmly adjusted as eyes close.

Monday. Embark on tour of Hollywood proper, built-up area composed of used-car salesmen, laundromats, concrete-mixers and Great Studios. Observe celebrated Hollywood morticians, with well-known handless clock, and grin unpleasantly. Cab-driver questions me searchingly about socialized medicine and British reaction to McCarthy, but does not know way to Warner Brothers and has scarcely heard of Paramount: studio employees all drive own cars.

On way, read newspaper, eccentric hobby picked up in Europe: here, few householders read much beyond daily *Hollywood Reporter*, which records who has signed a contract ("inked a pact") with whom. Insulated against outside world by ocean and desert, Hollywood is self-governing community of anarchists. Am struck by odd juxtaposition

in Los Angeles paper. Headline reads: "U.S. H-BOMB CAN RAZE WHOLE CITY." Beneath which, in Gothic type-face: "The Story of the Resurrection, by Fulton Oursler." Arrive at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to find place deserted. Rain falls, wind blows, dust drifts round studio floors: even swimming-tank, habitat of Esther Williams, is waterless. Warners likewise inactive, silent but for sound of man cutting picture finished weeks before.

Evening: attend ritual at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where, to publicize forthcoming film, James Mason imprints outline of hands and shoes in cement. Beating rain threatens to efface impressions as soon as made. Mason, drenched but grinning, vaguely protected by vast tartan umbrella, kneels on plank to become immortal. Cameras flash: "Now sign your name!" yells man in charge, adding (surely unnecessarily?): "James Mason!" Coloured attendant in blue silk kimono wipes cement off Mason's hands and feet. Sodden crowd of fifty cheers. Wonder, inwardly, who had been erased to make room. Warner Baxter? Nazimova? Claude Gillingwater?

Afterwards, rendezvous with George Cukor, woman's director *par excellence*, maker of *The Women*, *A Woman's Face*, *Little Women*, *Camille*, *et al.* Am flustered by opening remark: "All visiting Englishmen want to see Chaplin, von Stroheim, D. W. Griffith and Forest Lawn cemetery. Which is it to be?" Faint smile freezes on lips. Discover that Cukor is supreme professional, worships "the aristocracy of talent" and



is friend of Huxley and the Sitwells. Marvel at his intense animation, blithe malice and collection of Braque, Picasso, Lautrec and Constantin Guys. Gape, frankly, at his statue-sprinkled hillside house, decked with Chippendale and lit by giant candelabra, clutched in hands of turbaned caryatids. Check truth of friend's report: "When Cukor gets enthused, you'd think he had four sets of teeth": and confirm it. A volatile little man, with an adored black poodle. Atmosphere of thriving *salon*. Disturbed sleep.

Tuesday. Prolonged perustration of enormous Television City, erected in Hollywood by Columbia Broadcasting System at cost of twelve million dollars. Shining gallimaufry of glass and gadgets, with removable walls and lifts which can carry elephant and mahout. Official handout explains potency of building: "St. Peter's in Rome, the Houses of Parliament in London, the White House in Washington and Radio City in New York are just a few of the classic



"He started it!"



examples of the public relations force and symbol that well-designed building can become." Impressed (why?) to note that Television City has four hundred and seventy-five doors. What is more, it "can also serve as a giant fort and shelter to withstand gamma rays, heat radiation and concussion from an atomic blast . . . Even with all of Los Angeles plunged into darkness, the lights will still shine in Television City." Form snap judgment of C.B.S.: short on art but long in life.

Spend few hours viewing samples of available TV. To annoyance, find them admirable. "Dragnet," weekly reconstruction of incidents from annals of Los Angeles Police, is adroit, swift,

smartly acted by largely unknown cast; "You Are There," which presents historical events as if they were happening to-day, has extraordinary immediacy; and am charmed by weekly Shakespearean lectures of Dr. Frank C. Baxter. Using working model of Elizabethan theatre for illustration, Dr. Baxter analyzes *Othello*, neatly explaining Iago's hatred of Cassio by saying: "The club of men who have smelled smoke is one in which there are no honorary members." Am relieved when faint smile is restored by unhappy transition from cake-mix commercial ("Watch that tasty goodness surging up") to film of tumescent H-Bomb. Response to this from residents around set is

scabrously witty. Query: Is Hollywood sambaing on brink of volcano?

Reading of three-year-old clergyman in Long Beach who recently married two thirty-year-old Californians, decide that spirit of Aimee Semple MacPherson is not dead. This feeling reinforced by sight of Self-Realization Foundation Lake Shrine on Sunset Boulevard. Hollywood crammed with Seventh Day Adventists and people who for religious reasons are forbidden to fry eggs on Tuesdays. Meet incensed Anabaptist from Utah who outlines plan to blow up Cardinal Spellman. Formally discourage him.

Later: dinner at dusky cavern operated in bronchial whisper by Prince Michael Romanoff, *grand restaurateur* with overtones of pet marmoset. At subsequent party, meet Oscar Levant, pianist and wit, whose face awake bears expression of utter disgust most men wear asleep. Am put in mind, uncharitably, of squashed bicycle saddle. Pearl is disease of oyster: Levant is disease of Hollywood. Slouching sickly about room, he announces: "People either dislike me or detest me." I try out faint smile, which he interprets as personal insult. "You have a big guilt quotient, don't you?" he says invitingly, with deep intestinal chuckle, going on to discuss weaknesses of Berlioz and Schubert very intelligently but with ferocious and unsubtle demonstration of Lifemanship. Further conversation impaired by warning from friend that should anyone mention Prokoviev's Third Piano Concerto, Levant leaves room never to return. Nervously bring up subject of piano, whither he lunges: "What'll it be, kids? A Stabat Mater or a blues?"

As he plays, friend tells story of occasion when son-in-law of studio head heard Levant playing "Lady, Play Your Mandolin" (only popular song he ever wrote) and said: "That's right, Oscar, play us a medley of your hit." Slamming keyboard, Levant bellowed back: "O.K. —play us a medley of your father-in-law." He leaves well before midnight, grimacing and explaining that he must catch up on usual twenty-two hours sleep. Undeniably, a powerful soul.

Tone of party dismayingly intellectual. No guest lolls naked on leopard-skin divan. Baths in champagne patently things of past. Hollywood, undoubtedly, not all cracked up to be.

Lament for a Late Lord Mayor

By WILFRED FIENBURGH

IN May the weeds grow two inches each day, the Red Army and Young Communist ladies with short fat legs march through the Red Square, the earnest societies of folk dancers tie bells to their knees and splash through the puddles round may-poles, and this year's provincial Lord Mayor becomes last year's Lord Mayor. There is nothing so dead as last year's Lord Mayor—save the ex-general secretary of a trade union. In May, when everything else is fresh and full of promise, last year's chief civic dignitary faces a period of agonizing readjustment.

For a year he has been above politics, an eminence he has demonstrated in the Council Chamber by imposing the rules of order more firmly on his own side than on the rest. He has been a shaker of royal hands, an opener of bazaars, the temporary father of the community, a man withdrawn, a man dedicated. Now he returns to the engineer's bench, the schoolroom and the office. No more patronizing interviews with his boss.

"I'll not be in to-morrow. I'm guest of honour at the Chamber of Commerce."

From now on it is—"Do you think, Mr. Smith, that I might leave ten minutes early to-night for a meeting of the Street Drainage Committee?"

On cold winter nights in future he will stand in the bus queue in Town Hall Square watching this year's Lord Mayor sweep past in the mayoral limousine, leaning forward to joke with the Mace Bearer, snugly covered with the plaid rug that kept *his* legs warm last winter.

When he was made Lord Mayor twelve months ago the year ahead had stretched out to infinity. After a few weeks he had forgotten that there had ever been another civic head. He might even have begun to act as though he had been born to the Robes with the Chain clutched in his baby fist—like the Mayor of a northern town who recently attended the funeral of a distinguished citizen. There was a crowd in the street where the great man had lived. The mayoral car, carrying His Worship in full regalia, drew up with the Lord Mayor sitting on the side away from the crowd. Apologetically he said to the aldermen and councillors with him, "Mind if I move over to the other

side? They'd like to see that the Lord Mayor's turned up." And he clambered over their legs to nod gravely to the crowd.

As they drew near the chapel the crowd was on the other side of the car. Again, clumsily, with much heaving and grunting, the Lord Mayor changed places. As they reached the cemetery the same thing happened again.

One alderman could stand it no more. "Sithee, lad," he said, "they've not turned up to see thy chain. They've turned up to see Old Joe's funeral. And he hasn't moved once since we started."

Most Labour Lord Mayors, however, will have taken care to shed the pomp of office when they mixed with other folk. The caustic tongue of a colleague is a whip to be feared by any who would presume to put on side. The Lord Mayor has been watched with suspicion. If he has shown a tendency to hobnob with Tory aldermen or to kowtow to the Rotary Club someone will have seized an opportunity to hand him a crisp reminder. "Well, you'll be back as vice-chairman of the Sewage Committee, Jim. Beats me how we've managed without you this twelve-month."

Now he has to rehabilitate himself with those who are confident they would have made a better mayor. He has to come to terms with those whose turn for the mayoralty is some years ahead, and who profess to scorn the gewgaws and frippery, the Chain, the Mace, and the Robes, as symbols of an outworn traditionalism. They reject it as an office which smacks of the *petit bourgeoisie*; it is not in the spirit of the New Dawn. The political emancipation of the workers, they feel, is not achieved

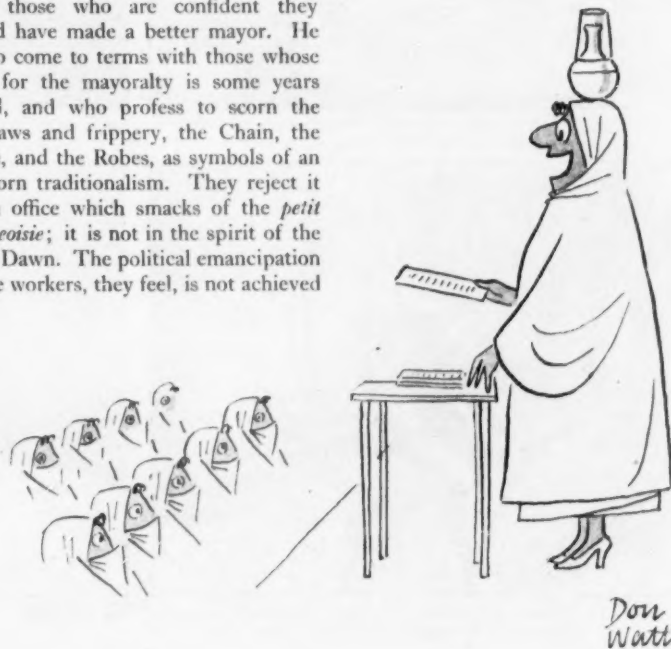
when a railway fireman becomes Lord Mayor. Now he has to surpass them in militancy. He will search the minutes of the General Purposes Committee for items on which he can demonstrate his class solidarity.

In a few months' time, because he is usually level-headed, he will be in the thick of the battle again. His greatest moment will come at next year's mayoral reception when a colleague sampling the cress sandwiches says "Well, lad, I reckon you put up a better show than this."

Soon all that remains will be a mounted, coloured photograph in the front room, and, as the front room is used only on Sundays, it will not haunt him overmuch with memories of glory past. But last year's Lady Mayoress may be forgiven if, as she dusts it, she stands and dreams awhile.

"Justices could only grant an occasional 'on' licence. The licence which they had given here was an occasional 'full' or 'on' licence on terms that it was only used as an 'off' licence in respect of premises which had only an 'off' licence. The justices had . . ."—*The Times*

Drinking at home, thanks.



The Rake's Progress : The M.P.

By RONALD SEARLE



1. **ADVENT** Born of rich but honest parents. Fired with political enthusiasm by radical Norland Nurse



2. **EMERGENCE** Secretary Cambridge Union Society. Contests hopeless seat with great verve. Bloody - but unbowed



3. **SUCCESS** Wins by-election. Moderation of views brings frequent bookings on BBC Political Forum



4. **TRIUMPH** Smiled at by Prime Minister. P.P.S.



5. **TEMPTATION** Encouraged by success expresses an opinion. Cast out by Whips. Expelled from Party



6. **RUIN** Praised by News Chronicle. Joins Liberal Shadow Cabinet. Divorced

**Monday, May 3**

An air of farce kept blowing through the House to relieve the solemn temper produced by thinking about taxation all day.

House of Commons:
Low Finance

Sir ROBERT PERKINS set the ball rolling by asking the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee "Whether he will arrange for maupygernon to be included on the menu in the Members' Dining Room on the 14th May." Mr. WILLIAM STEWARD, who holds that office, was aware that maupygernon was composed of hogs' kidneys and "ingredients suggesting the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*," but declined to serve it on the ground that it might prove deleterious to Members' attendance in the House.

The second reading of the Finance Bill ran a staid course for a while; Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER trotted happily through its provisions, chicory and all, and Sir FRANK SOSKICE gave it a quite unlegal scrutiny from the Labour front bench. About six o'clock, when interest in debates normally approaches its lowest ebb, the Deputy Speaker called Mr. MONT FOLLICK, who selected from his repertoire of quips and cranks and wanton wiles a proposal that Britain should adopt a decimal currency. This he related to the debate on the curious ground that it was not mentioned in the

Budget, and Sir CHARLES MACANDREW gave him a generous run before calling him to order. Mr. DOUGLAS JAY came to the rescue with a suggestion that he might link his argument to the income-tax clause, by holding that it would simplify collection, but Mr. FOLLICK was unable to take so orthodox a course, and ultimately he had to sit down.

The next speaker was Sir WILL DARLING, more of a conscious humorist but no less polished, who made three unconventional proposals: that the Chancellor should tell departments how much they could spend instead of asking them, that all taxes should be abolished and replaced by a universal one-per-cent turnover tax, paid through the banks, and that there should be regional variations in income tax. His second proposal, he claimed, would reduce a pint of beer from one-and-seven to tenpence. "Five cents!" called Mr. FOLLICK.

Thereafter the debate was conducted on more usual, if less entertaining, lines.

Tuesday, May 4

Colonel BROMLEY-DAVENPORT was in the middle of a long supplementary to the Prime Minister about the 1948 atom agreement when the Speaker urged him to be

brief. "Just two more little teasers, if I may," replied the gallant colonel. This so amused the House that they accompanied the rest of his question with tenacious cheers and laughter, so that, although he has one of the loudest voices on the Government benches, he was quite unable to make himself heard.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON launched the Committee stage of the Television Bill with a speech in which he repeated what he had said before without anything new except a jocular reference to the Bishop of Rochester, who was sitting in the Peers' Gallery. Over a hundred amendments were down for discussion, and with little chance that they could get many of them passed, or more than a tithe of them even debated, the Opposition contented themselves by bringing out their basic objections for another airing. These were hung on various handy pegs, such as the provision of an appointed day for setting up the Authority, or calling it Commercial instead of Independent ("one does not alter the smell of a skunk," said Mr. G. R. MITCHISON elegantly, "by calling it an independent raccoon"); but the whole business has been thrashed over so thoroughly already that it was vain to expect anyone to make a new point of any great interest.



Wednesday, May 5

The Minister of Transport left Joint Under-Secretary Mr. HUGH MOLSON

House of Commons :
The Disappearing
Majority

to deal with Mr. JAMES HUDSON's question about the temperance poster that was banned by British Railways. Mr. GODFREY NICHOLSON was quick to associate "distillers, brewers and wine merchants" with the cause of safety on the roads.

The Opposition challenged the routine motion permitting the day's proceedings to continue after ten, and the Government only succeeded in



Sir William Darling

carrying it by nine votes. There were some automatic cries of "Resign!" Then the business of pushing the Television Bill through its committee stage was resumed.

It followed the previous day's humdrum pattern, with an occasional burst of entertainment. For instance, while Sir LESLIE PLUMMER was quoting Mr. Bernard Braden on the relative power of entertainment and advertising, Dr. HYACINTH MORGAN, whose contributions to policy usually consist of interjections excitedly shouted from his seat, rose up and demanded "Must we listen to this damned nonsense?" A moment later he muttered "Dishonourable!" It was hard to guess what was in his mind; but no one paid him enough attention even to ask him to withdraw an unparliamentary expression.

Shortly afterwards Mr. BEVERLEY

BAXTER found the first truly original contribution to the debate when he said that what he wanted was dull television and that it ought therefore to remain in the hands of the B.B.C. The electors of Southgate may well be astonished at this line of argument.

Late, late in the evening, when Mr. DAVID GAMMANS moved an amendment leaving the appointment of the Authority's members at the sole discretion of the Postmaster-General, the Government majority, which had been hovering about the ten mark, dropped to six. The Opposition renewed its cries of "Resign!" and meant them now. Mr. MORRISON moved to report progress, but Mr. CROOKSHANK kept the House at it. Next time they divided, the majority was down to three, and the Opposition's cries became exultant. Mr. MORRISON again moved to report progress; this time Mr. CROOKSHANK, not wanting to "inconvenience the House," accepted the motion. It seemed that some of the elastic consciences on the Tory benches would not stretch as far as an all-night sitting.

Thursday, May 6

Several members demonstrated the British genius for associating the unimportant with the important when they asked anxious questions about young hooligans "dressed in Edwardian suits." They need only go to their local boys' club to find every boy who can afford it in an "Edwardian" suit; and they may even find young hooligans in contemporary hacking jackets and jeans.

Mr. WOODROW WYATT's inquiry about the differences between the U.S. Government and our own touched the headmaster in Sir WINSTON rather than the head prefect. "I prefer to leave that mischief-making process to the hon. Member," he said tartly.

After a conventional fuss over the Government's announcement of a guillotine motion next Tuesday on the Television Bill (in which Mr. HERBERT MORRISON asked the charming question, "Is the right hon. Gentleman aware of the facts that I will now put before him?"), the House settled down to a friendly domestic debate about the Metropolitan Police. The main points to be discussed were recruiting, housing and the adequacy of the annual sum of £100,000 paid to the Force for "national and imperial" services; but most of the time seemed to be taken up with affectionate tributes to the boys in blue. No one spoilt the atmosphere of loving

pride so admirably distilled by Mr. CHUTER EDE in an opening speech which Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, in his closing one, said "gave him more pleasure than almost any speech he had heard in that House." He exuded admiration for the man on the beat.

At seven o'clock, the bare score of London Members who had sustained this discussion were reinforced by a few more from the provinces and the House passed on to the less universally agreeable topic of the provisions of the Merchandise Marks Act.

Their Lordships spent a happy afternoon popping their pet loves and hates in the bird world into the various schedules of the Protection of Birds Bill. The debate was notable for a statement by Lord LLOYD (Under-Secretary, Home Office) which seemed to sum up all democratic governments' attitudes in any situation whatever, the most important thing being not to arouse resentment in any quarter.

Friday, May 7

Sir HUGH LUCAS-TOOTH, Home Office Parliamentary Secretary, supported a

Clause in the Pool Betting Bill to legalize ready-money pool betting by post. This would not commit the Government or Parliament to any other form of cash betting. Opening the attack, Mr. IAN MIKARDO declared that the Bill had become a pool promoters' charter. He was not objecting on moral grounds to



Mr. Mont Follick

ready-money betting; his case was that certain kinds of small ready-money betting seemed to incur the full rigour of the law.

B. A. YOUNG



BOOKING OFFICE

Notes on Tennyson

Six Tennyson Essays. Sir Charles Tennyson. Cassell, 15/-

SIR CHARLES TENNYSON has followed up his excellent biography of his grandfather with *Six Tennyson Essays*. Those on his Politics, Religion and Humour are useful collections of relevant passages but claim too much. Tennyson was a clever man, high-spirited, keenly political and deeply, worriedly religious; but his comic poems are no more than pleasantly seasoned and his reflective poems merely express ideas that were in the air. Like Kipling, he stated other men's views vividly, lucidly and memorably. To revive the appropriate phrase, he was a Singer not a Sage. In his essays on Tennyson's Versification and On Reading Tennyson, Sir Charles studies with detailed scholarship Tennyson at his best—that is, as a writer of verse.

He was an experimental poet, though not in the modern sense of the term, when it has become limited to one particular kind of experiment. He knew a great deal about English and Classical Prosody and he used his knowledge to add to the stock of English verse-patterns. Until he died he was always trying something fresh. An odd example of his inventiveness comes from *Punch*. When he was only thirty-six he was given a substantial Civil List pension by Peel, although his work was unknown except to a small circle, and such criticism as it received was bitterly hostile: he was accused of the oddly assorted vices of girlishness and obscurity. The Pension relieved his acute financial anxiety and thus indirectly produced more poetry (an improvement on using the Civil List to dribble out doles to the widows of starved minor poets). There was a public row and Bulwer-Lytton published a savage attack on Tennyson, who scribbled off some lines in reply and gave them to Forster, who passed them on to *Punch*, where *The New Timon*, and the *Poets* appeared on February 28, 1846. It is too long to quote in full, but here are two verses:

*So died the Old: here comes the New.
Regard him: a familiar face:
I thought we knew him: What, it's you,
The padded man—that wears the
stays—*

*Who kill'd the girls and thrill'd the boys,
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane en papillotes.*

Conversational, jerky, oblique, it is an odd glimpse into the future, with its



faint flavour of early Eliot. (The punctuation is nearer E. E. Cummings.) It is a mistake, of course, to judge originality only in terms of the prophetic; the test should be the extent of the departure. By any test Tennyson was a highly original poet. In *Memoriam*, for example, was a very odd departure, as odd as *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, even though the result does not seem odd to us at all.

Tennyson hardly ever reveals a new world, as Hopkins or Hardy do, but he represents with passionate fidelity the world that we find we know. He is not primarily a descriptive poet: his wonderful skies and seascapes and wolds are nearly always incidentals. He painted the moral surface of his age, and to paint

surfaces is generally held to be superficial, although there are many things that depth psychology can explain but not describe. Spatial metaphors bedevil criticism. Is Jonson above or below Dryden? Is Pope deeper than Byron? Is tragedy profound and comedy shallow? Are there any sillier questions?

Tennyson was an early champion of Federal Imperialism, which he combined with a belief in the necessity of volunteer-manned defence. His politics were robustly local but never insular. He had the clarity of confidence and his colours stayed as bright as new toys. His patriotic verse was occasionally sentimental and silly: it was never mean. His poems of comfort in affliction, of loyalty to the Throne, of eschatological optimism and pessimism, were largely responsible for the posthumous slump in his reputation. On re-reading them it is difficult to see why. Their defects are so obviously due to a blind-spot, and compared with his major work they could be neglected without difficulty. Why did later generations dislike Tennyson so much? It was not, as with Kipling, a change in the political climate. Nobody ever thought him immoral. It was not, even, that he was committed wholeheartedly to belief in Progress. He was never a facile, pie-in-the-sky hope-monger, and his reputation revived as the belief in progress began to come under serious attack. To some extent it may have been a revolt against having been forced to learn the more treacly verse in childhood. It may, as often happens, have been partly due to his imitators.

The revival in his reputation was at first slightly affected by literary puritanism and there was for a time a tendency to treat him as a kind of dilute Arnold. He was first and foremost a lyric, incantatory poet. The music, the smooth, singing rhythms, the honeyed epithets, the consciously-wrought beauty are complex, dream-inducing, bracing. Now that the Future is, if not hopeless, beyond the control of our hopes, we relax less guiltily with the Tchaikovsky side of Tennyson, with the choreographer of words, the competent entertainer, the versifier who never put a foot

wrong, the vignette-painter, the artist. Even *In Memoriam* is not only moving and majestic and intelligent. It is very enjoyable.

R. G. G. PRICE

His Majesty Preserved. Reprinted from the First Edition with an introduction by William Rees-Mogg. *Falcon Press*, 12/6

An account of King Charles II's escape after the battle of Worcester, dictated to Samuel Pepys by the King. The story, which includes, of course, the Pendrells and the Oak Tree, takes up only some thirty pages, and is admirably vivid. No doubt Pepys was a first-class transcriber, and knew just what to suggest if the narrator was at a loss for a word. All the same, nothing stands between the reader and Charles himself.

Told in the beautiful prose of the seventeenth century, the narrative has the vigour of Mr. Ernest Hemingway at his best. The King's personal charm is still quite apparent after three hundred years. He remarks of one of his companions in flight: "I could not get my Lord Wilmot to put on any disguise, he saying, that he should look frightfully in it; and therefore did never put on any."

A. P.

Devon. W. G. Hoskins. *A New Survey of England.* Edited by Jack Simmons. *Collins*, 42/-

Devon is a county which may justly pray to be delivered from its friends. Romance—part fact and part fiction—and sentiment have so largely overlaid its

true character that the popular idea of it is a jumble of Elizabethan sea-dogs, a few "beauty-spots" like Clovelly with its tourist-thronged street, Widecombe-in-the-moor with its dreadful rash of pottery pixies, and some songs of the cream-and-cider school.

Mr. Hoskins' book therefore fills a felt want. The author, himself a Devonian, has explored the whole county from Hartland, of whose wild beauty he writes with an almost poetic enthusiasm, to Dartmouth; and the result is a full account of the history of the county "from its beginnings on Bronze Age Dartmoor down to the present day," together with a description in gazetteer form of practically every village and hamlet, however small, and in particular of the ancient "bartons," many of them to be found in Domesday Book, which are so noteworthy a feature of the Devon scene.

C. F. S.

Introduction to Foxhunting. D. W. E. Brock, M.F.H. *Beaufort Library.* *Seely Service*, 15/-

The object of the author is to instruct the tyro in the intricacies of foxhunting, and little fault can be found with any of the information given. Indeed, the book is obviously based on the experiences of an intelligent and observant writer.

But the chapter on hunting kit is curiously irritating. At the present time no one appears able to write about clothes for riding without mentioning the late Sir Walter Gilbey—here incorrectly

referred to as the late Sir Geoffrey Gilbey. Yet his general turn-out and appearance never seemed to me to be particularly pleasing. Is it, in fact, to take the matter further, absolutely necessary to be so "correctly" dressed? I recently attended a meet of the Tipperary Hounds where every possible solecism of dress was committed, but the ensuing day was infinitely enjoyable.

The Duke of Beaufort, who edits the Beaufort Library, says that the series seeks to preserve the spirit and customs of each particular sport. *Introduction to Foxhunting*, the third volume in the series, can be said to go some way towards achieving this.

G. T.

East End Entertainment. A. E. Wilson. *Arthur Barker*, 30/-

Our first playhouse was in Shoreditch, so it is not surprising that a hundred years ago half a dozen large theatres should have been doing good business in the East End—two of them, the Standard and the Pavilion, each holding over three thousand. Stock companies were still general, tame playwrights worked for as little as ten shillings an act, stalls were a shilling and the gallery threepence, and Mrs. Sara Lane of the Britannia left £126,000.

In one season at the Pavilion in the '50s *Hamlet* was given more often than on all the other leading London stages, but melodrama and pantomime, produced with fantastic realism, were the safest draw. These houses seem to have suffered an unfair incidence of bankruptcy, fire and structural collapse, but some struggled on into this century. Mr. Wilson has collected a great deal of interesting information about them, and also about East End music-halls. Good illustrations make clear how much we have lost.

E. O. D. K.

The Mediterranean and Middle East (Volume I). Major-General I. S. O. Playfair. *H.M.S.O.*, 35/-

The main land campaigns covered in the first of General Playfair's projected six volumes are Lord Wavell's first advance across the Western Desert and the two-pronged attack on Abyssinia and Eritrea under General Cunningham and General Platt. Although, as is now clear, beating the Italians was not all that hard, the tonic effect of these amazing victories at a time when Britain was "standing alone" was very great; and the lessons learned about fast-moving warfare, particularly on the "Q" side, were invaluable.

At the same period, the Navy was establishing its firm command of the Mediterranean. It was unfortunate that its first action should have been against the French, at Oran; and the new information given here about that unhappy affair shows it in an unhappier light than ever, for apparently it might well have been unnecessary.

General Playfair and his three



Sprad

"How about this one, sir—'Made of oil from contented whales'?"

co-authors have knitted the various strands of Middle Eastern history into an admirably cohesive and readable account, though their viewpoint is inclined to be too Olympian to allow for as much detail as might ideally be hoped for in their battle accounts. They may care to note for Volume II that the South African version of the Hawker Hart was the Hartebeeste, not the Hartbeeste.

B. A. Y.



AT THE PLAY

The Dark is Light Enough
(ALDWYCH)
The Facts of Life
(DUKE OF YORK'S)

"You know the Countess has the qualities of true divinity. For instance: how apparently undemandingly She moves among us; and yet Lives make and unmake themselves in her neighbourhood As nowhere else."

WATCHING Dame EDITH EVANS, one can credit all this in the heroine of CHRISTOPHER FRY's *The Dark is Light Enough*. She is adored by everyone for her wit and kindness and humility; she believes in the final grace of tolerance and compassion, which are the subjects of this play; and when her country house in Austria is over-run by the bitter confusion of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 we see her quietly, obliquely, in control of an ugly situation, making rings round the soldiers' logic of the men and inspired by her faith in the value of even the most battered lives.

One line seems to be the key. It comes after she has rescued her drunken ex-son-in-law, a Hungarian deserter, at great danger to herself, and has insisted on hiding him. He begs not to be betrayed, and when one of her angry guests replies "I should more likely weep for stags or partridges," the Countess says gently "Do then. Weep for what you can." The effect of this line, exquisitely spoken by Dame EDITH, is unforgettable.

Mr. FRY has often been accused of using words for the sake of words, and of letting his plot go hang. On both counts this play meets his critics pretty squarely. The verse is lovely, but bent more closely to the rise and fall of the story, so that the glitter of red herrings is hard to catch. He can still toss the bubble of speculation with marvellous dexterity; but the human wonder here goes deeper, while the story itself is highly dramatic, not only in the events which bring the deserter and then his pursuer into hiding but also in the interplay of character. I think the second act is the finest thing Mr. FRY has yet done. A rich scene between the Countess and two soldiers acts as a foil to the dilemma of her daughter, now happily remarried but torn by the sudden urgent echoes aroused by the deserter. It is an immensely



(The Dark is Light Enough)
Richard Gettner—MR. JAMES DONALD; Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg—DAME EDITH EVANS
Gelda—MISS MARGARET JOHNSTON; Belmann—MR. HUGH GRIFFITH

exciting act—amusing, stirring, and sometimes extremely moving; and the long speech in which the Countess states her belief in freedom shows Mr. FRY at his very best. After it the third act appears a little paler; but as a whole the play is a rare treat in the theatre, and no one but Mr. FRY could be its author.

Dame EDITH gives a magnificent performance in a part which fits her perfectly and deserves all her variety; JAMES DONALD is very good in the harsh desperation of the deserter; MARGARET JOHNSTON touches the second act memorably (I was not quite so sure of her in the third); and HUGH GRIFFITH, though he whinnies rather freely, is useful as the professional realist of the party. The two soldiers of GEORGE MURCELL and PETER HALLIDAY are timeless old sweats; in the small part of the current son-in-law JACK GWILLIM manages to express a deal of quiet understanding.

This distinguished production must owe much to the care of PETER BROOK, as obviously it does to OLIVER MESSEL's sets, which make us feel the castle is our own.

In *The Facts of Life* ROGER MACDOUGALL returns to problem parents. He stretches a single idea thinner and thinner, filling in with repetitious wrangles and paternal bumbling. A fourteen-year-old, about whom his parents are incredibly ignorant,

is discovered to be loaded with money and disappearing in the evening. Theft? Drink? Women? All inquiries are deflected with a smile and a stutter; the boy is astute, and a liar. Not until the end, too late for me to care, is it revealed that he has applied to dog-racing a genius for arithmetic, and has a suitcase crammed with fivers. LANCE SECRETAN plays him with extraordinary aplomb, and ALEC CLUNES works bravely, but the fun flags. As we reached for our hats fathers could be heard grumbling into their seats about the mathematical inadequacy of their sons.

Recommended

The Prisoner (Globe), a grimly clinical account of a police-state trial. *The Tea-house of the August Moon* (Her Majesty's), America laughing at herself. And *The Manor of Northstead* (Duchess), sequel to *The Chiltern Hundreds*, with A. E. Matthews undiminished.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Prince Valiant
Escape from Fort Bravo

IT'S usual enough to recognize the atmosphere of a novel in a film: to conclude, even without knowing it, that there must be a novel in the background somewhere. But it is something

new to see a film, an elaborate, expensively-mounted box-office smasheroo, nearly every foot of which is redolent of the comic strip.

They make no secret of it in *Prince Valiant* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY): the credits declare that this is "based on King Features Syndicate's 'Prince Valiant,' by Harold Foster." No doubt they count on the strip's multitudes of adoring readers for nine-tenths of the commercial reward. But for people who have progressed a little further with their reading the thing is one long absurdity.

It is another CinemaScope work and presents some views beautiful to look at (though even in that department there are things—like the Gothic castle of Camelot, style of the Law Courts—that are merely elaborations in colour of the strip-cartoonist's conventional background symbols). But the story! Above all, the dialogue!

There's no point in taking a high moral tone about this; very likely the sort of dialogue that sounds right to us for such a story is quite equally unlike the real, historical thing. But we can't help laughing a little at a Knight of the Round Table who addresses King Arthur in the accents of a U.S. college football-player explaining to the coach. King Arthur listens with grave attention to Sir Gawain's account of his first meeting with Prince Valiant: the impetuous young man "crowned him with a rock." We have in point of fact seen this incident earlier, and heard Valiant's cheerful apology when Sir Gawain came to: "Sorry, sir—thought you were somebody else."

Valiant (who soon becomes known as "Val" to his buddies) takes up the explanation himself: "Then, sire, I dove into the water . . ."

This is the tone of the whole affair; one imagines a strip-cartoonist's "balloon" round almost every remark, and one begins to see even the people as if they were idealized figures drawn in bold, clear line, like Disney's Snow White. Children can enjoy the piece as a rousing adventure; the climax is a tremendous free-for-all in another castle, with rivers of flaming oil on the besiegers and a fight between the hero and PRIMO CARNERA as the usurper of the throne of Scandia. Persons more inhibited by literary associations can enjoy the dialogue, for the wrong reasons, and some of the pictorial effects.

There is practically nothing new, as I have often remarked, to say about a good Western. *Escape from Fort Bravo* (Director: JOHN STURGES) belongs to the Cavalry-v.-Indians category: it has more desert and mountains than some, and the cavalry is of two kinds, North and South (three-cornered enmity, in fact); but the essentials of the story and the pattern of incident are very much the same as usual.

The scene is a fort in Indian country in 1863; the Southerners are prisoners, and a beautiful visitor (ELEANOR PARKER) helps to organize an escape. The stern Northern captain (WILLIAM HOLDEN) pursues, and the climax finds the group, Southerners, Northerners and the lady, surrounded in the desert and under a hail of arrows from the Indians, whom we see sagaciously working out a sort of artillery bracketing technique. It is all exciting, intelligently done and good to look at.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There is another good new French

one, Duvivier's *Henriette*; this makes three in London, with *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54) and *Les Compagnes de la Nuit* (21/4/54). *Les Orgueilleux* (5/5/54) may count as a fourth: not pleasant but very well done. The new Danny Kaye, *Knock on Wood* (5/5/54), is the best for some time, and *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T.* (28/4/54) is a very entertaining curiosity.

Among the releases is *Conflict of Wings* (14/4/54), pleasantly done villagers-v.-officialdom episode, with beautiful colour and a good suspense climax. *Hondo* is a good Western very much like *Shane*.

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE OPERA

Der Freischütz—Elektra
(COVENT GARDEN)

BEFORE the curtain rises on any new *Freischütz* we who revere WEBER's music are in a state of taut solicitude, like a parent whose boy is coming up for high jump or the four-forty yards on school sports day. The romantic diabolism of the 1820s is well wide of current taste and a tricky genre to stage. There will surely be titters, we warn ourselves. The particular peril is the Wolf's Glen, its bowling wheel of fire and its owl with lit-up eyes. Perhaps the safest thing will be to look the other way . . .

In this production ROGER FURSE (designer) and CHRISTOPHER WEST (producer) have funky the fiery wheel (who shall blame them?), and their owl, just discernible, is switched off. Their Zamiel is an eavesdropper who usually appears from behind bits of scenery like a character in a Rossini farce. His wings spring open like a trick umbrella, but that is no great help. The casting of the magic bullets, however, came off admirably, amid thunderclaps, black vapours and cunningly angled sheet lightning which made the ravine look a different place at every flash. There were no titters. A first-night audience who made merry, later on, over the insipidities of the bridal-wreath scene (in its way as comical as anything in *The Boy Friend*) sat respectfully before the Wolf's Glen, converted to diabolism by the excellent Caspar of OTAKAR KRAUS.

Admittedly, KRAUS might have sung better: his down-and-up scales in the *Schweig'* aria badly misfired. But his make-up, mien and gestures were the purest brimstone; and, for all his foreign accent, he did far better with his spoken lines than any other singer on the stage. Although, theoretically considered, SYLVIA FISHER's tone and phrasing are ideally suited to the Agatha music, her *Leise, leise* was a quavery business on the whole, redeemed only by a ringing *allegro con fuoco* section. Max and Anne, who cut uncommonly mawkish figures in Edward Dent's translation, were amiably warbled by JAMES JOHNSTON and ADELE



Prince Valiant—ROBERT WAGNER

Sir Brack—JAMES MASON

[Prince Valiant

LEIGH. EDWARD DOWNES, of the Covent Garden musical staff, conducted a shade stolidly, but produced orchestral and choral sounds which had genuinely Weberian bloom and dew upon them.

Elektra, that most sickening and superb of scores—rowdy commonplaces share the page with harmonic *trouvailles* as visionary as anything to be found in Alban Berg—was conducted with impetus and high skill by RUDOLF KEMPE against ISABEL LAMBERT's impressive but curiously incomplete courtyard set. The massy doors of the palace with their great bronze rings could not be bettered: but where are the gateway and the horizon beyond, purpled with sunset? Instead of appearing as a momentous silhouette upstage, Orest has to wander on through the prompt wing like a guest who has lost his way.

Here again it was Mr. KRAUS who saved the situation. Once inside the courtyard, this Orest took up a majestic stance, matched his tone impeccably with that of five purring tubas, and embraced his distraught sister (ERNA SCHLÜTER) with movements that were a masterpiece of timing. *Elektra*, less an operatic rôle than a reliability trial, was about as well sung by Miss SCHLÜTER as could be reasonably expected of any singer, that is to say, imperfectly. LEONIE RYSANEK, a likeable newcomer, made a convincing young housewife-to-be of Chrysothemis and sang *Kinder will ich haben* (better music, surely, than some of the early critics found?) like a resolute lark. Minor wonder: the five maids, thankless parts all, were individually worth listening to—and looking at—every bar of the way. The coaches and RUDOLF HARTMANN (producer) must have worked very hard.

CHARLES REID



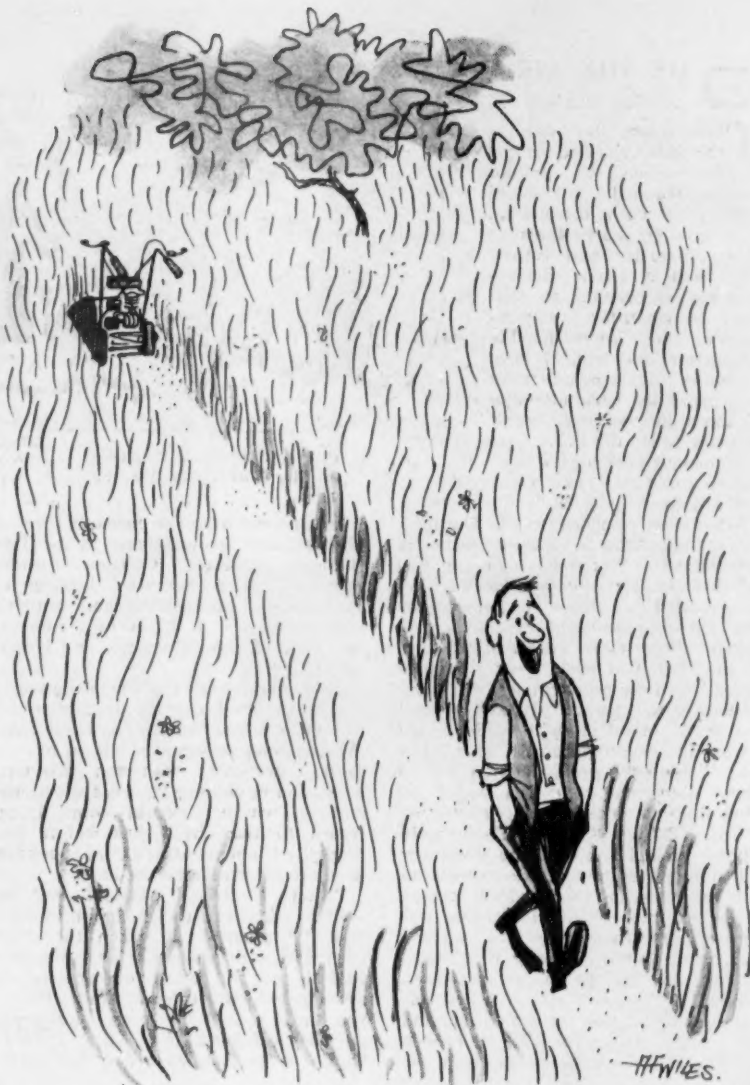
AT THE GALLERY

PICASSO

Lefevre Gallery, 20 Bruton Street, W.1
(Closes May 29)

THOSE devotees of representational realism in art for whom, sincerely, all painting worth anything is contained, roughly, in the period comprised by the renaissance masters and the nineteenth-century Manet will find no profit in a visit to this exhibition of some of the later works by that conundrum of our time, Picasso. Neither to them, nor still less, for obvious reasons, to those for whom, like a self-styled "progressive" friend of mine, "abstract art has come to stay" to a degree that "she is now entirely bored by all representational painting," is this short notice addressed. It is rather to another group of people, inquisitive, appreciative up to, perhaps, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Matisse, but frankly stumped by "cat's-cradle" drawings and "cock-eyed" girls, that these thoughts and suggestions are offered.

First, Picasso does not, and never has, I believe, put all his eggs in one basket.



"Out of petrol."

The son of an art master in Malaga, he was, in his teens, producing work of fine academic worth, Spanish renaissance derived from Velasquez. Arrived in Paris in the early nineteen hundreds, he, beginning with Lautrec, with brilliance, pillaged styles beyond enumeration. As time went on frequently he jettisoned not only that humanity and charm which he is able at times to command but the rules of perspective, and for a period even paint itself, for which he substituted paper or match-boxes or string. Always, however, whatever the quest, from children's art to Negro, or Raphaelesque, he has sought to engender in each attempt enough of aesthetic quality to make it live. In this lies his sincerity.

In the present show, he uses the technique of Van Gogh with its strong colours and rich quality, but with a

violence of his own added. While, as to the "cock-eyedness" of these subjects, that is just part of the problem he has set himself. Why not, he seems to say, shake the puzzle up, and from that start see what new and intriguing contrasts of shape and colour can be produced? Any incidental oddness will not be unamusing to a far from naïve character whose sense of the grotesque is exemplified in "La Guenon and son petit," No. 25, a sculpture not far in mood from the gargoyles of the mediæval church.

P.S.—After this masterly display of fireworks it was, I admit, with relief that I retired to the Marlborough Gallery show, to the Bonnards and Vuillards, the last word in delicate perception and charm. 18 Old Bond Street, W.1. (Closes June 12). ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

Monkey Business

THE other day one of the B.B.C.'s disc-jockeys (putters-on of gramophone records) introduced each item with astrological comments on the performer's birth, character and future. This was a Home Service programme beamed at millions of Saturday stay-at-homes and impressionable youngsters, and while I have no doubt that the commentary was primarily facetious—one of those long-winded titular puns for which the B.B.C. has a distressing aptitude—I have also no doubt that its influence was unrelievedly baleful.

What has happened to the Corporation's monolithic, Reithist code of proprieties? Not long ago we had palmistry on television, and last week we were treated to a display of necromancy that left thousands of people acutely uneasy about their immediate future. "I can't tell you what event I've predicted," said the necromancer. "If I did it would cause a panic!" What happened was that some "thought reader" appearing in the programme "What's My Line?" wrote his predictions on a five-pound note, and handed a sealed jar containing the incriminating document to Miss Patricia Cutts. There were signatures, seals and all the flummery and mumbo jumbo that one expects on such occasions, and the ritual was tedious in the extreme. (Gilbert Harding was appropriately caustic in his asides.) Well, then, on the following Wednesday evening our thought reader reappears, and so do Patricia Cutts and her colleagues, and so does the sealed jar: and with more ceremony the seals are broken and Eamonn Andrews reads from the



Pilgrim's Progress
Mr. Christopher Mayhew, M.P.

fiver that our hero has correctly forecast the first and second horses in the Two Thousand Guineas. Collapse of entire cast of "Quite Contrary," collapse of innumerable bookmakers and punters, collapse of the B.B.C.'s reputation as purveyor of good clean fun and honest uplift.

Now it is possible that the performance was on the level, that the thought reader picked the winner without any help from Wednesday's newspapers. If so he is a most unfortunate man (on his own admission he did not back his selections) and we viewers should demand his return to the screen just before the Derby. If not then the B.B.C. ought to be thoroughly ashamed of itself.

"Quite Contrary" was followed by another edition of the fortnightly magazine "Panorama" in which the chief item was a documentary and practical analysis of the effect of alcohol on driving and road safety. And who do you think turned up as the guinea-pig in the driving-test? Miss Patricia Cutts. A few minutes earlier Miss Cutts,

charming and winsome, had been engaged in the amazing affair of the secretive tipster; now she was submitted to a test under conditions strictly scientific in a matter of life and death. The juxtaposition was not merely unfortunate: it was disastrous. How viewers could be expected to take the "Panorama" item seriously I do not know. But perhaps I am missing the point. Can it be that Lime Grove's main idea in "Panorama" was to bolster the efforts of its thought reader with the persuasive goodwill of Miss Cutts and a mound of scientific apparatus?

I am certain that the B.B.C. would never have stooped so low to conquer its audiences in pre-war, pre-television days. Astrology, palmistry and so on have somehow sneaked into the curriculum with television.

Christopher Mayhew's new series "Man Seeking God" has made a brilliant start. The first programme on Islam was a most effective mélange of film and studio television. The scenes inside the mosque in Lahore, the simple service, the sermon preached by Maulana Muhammed Ali and Mayhew's crisp and telling interview with the prayer-leader were all handled with sincerity and sensibility. And the second programme on Buddhism was equally sound. Mayhew is an admirable teacher when the subject-matter is factual and descriptive. His manner is straightforward, his diction clear, his vocabulary simple, and in his pursuit of the truth he exhibits an old-fashioned, almost Victorian zeal that is most refreshing. With just a touch, a hint of humour, or humour in reserve, he would be my ideal TV lecturer.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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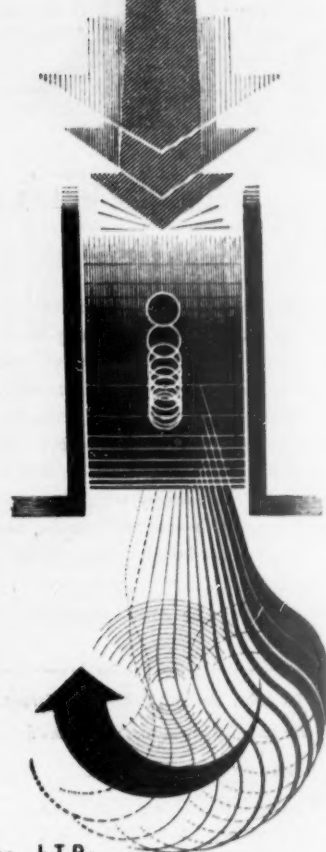


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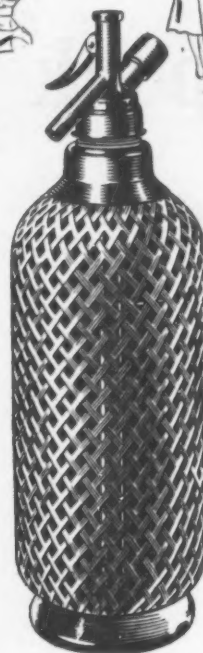
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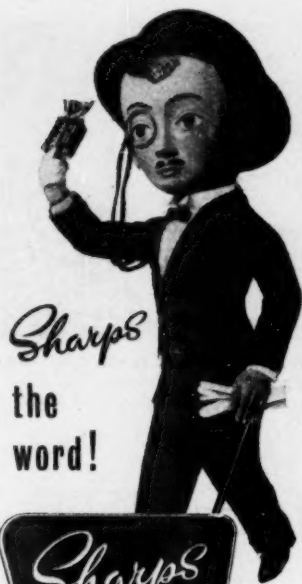


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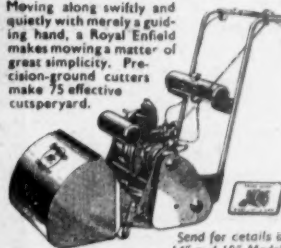
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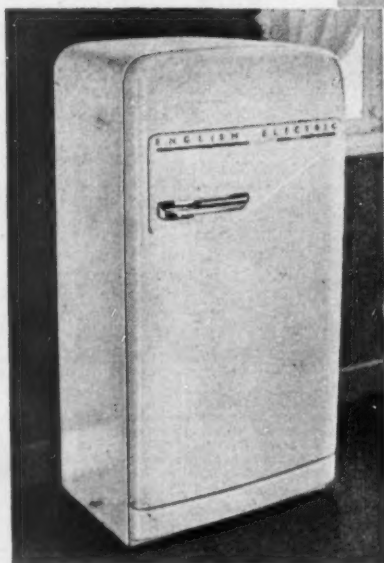


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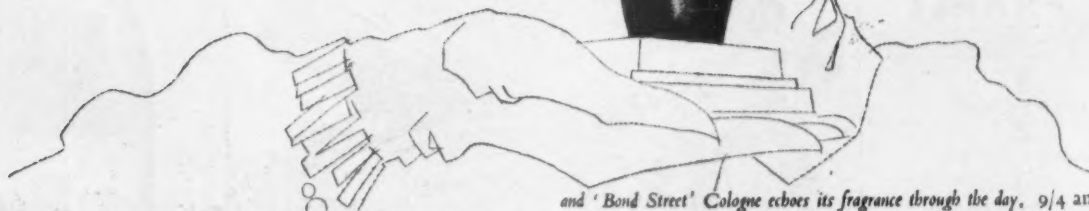
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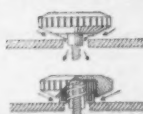
WHEN YOU GO TO BUY A WATCH

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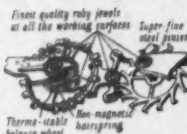
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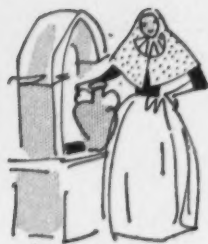


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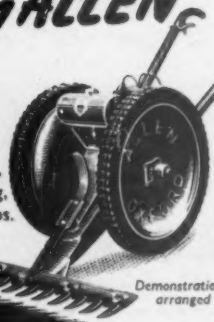
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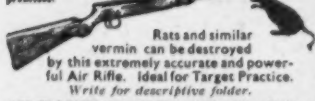
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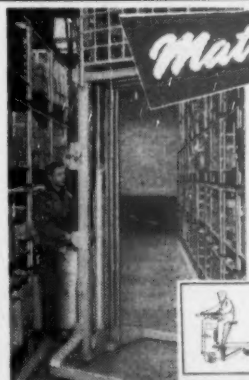
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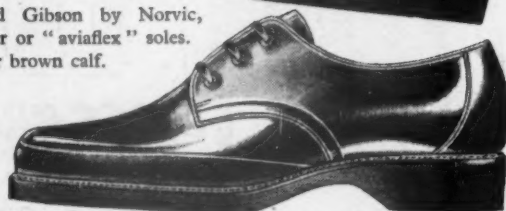


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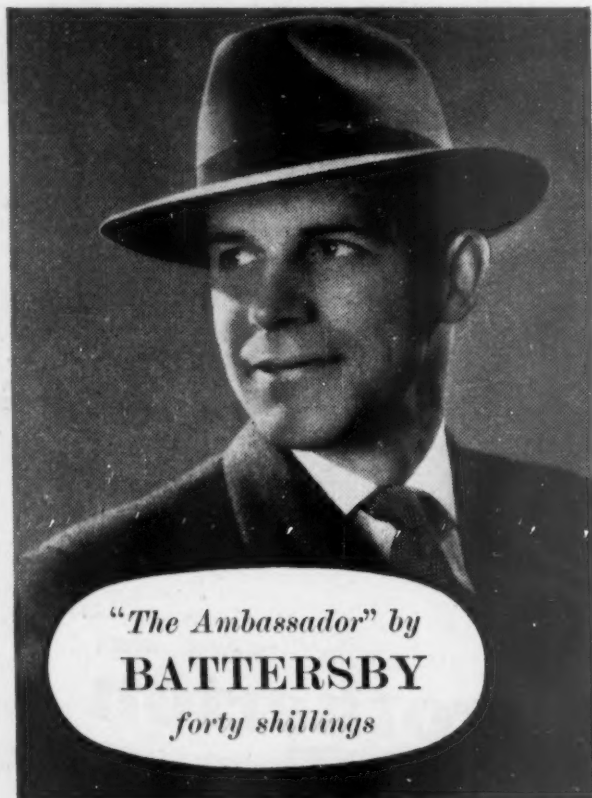
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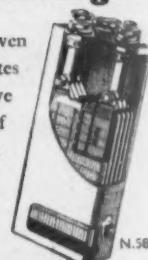
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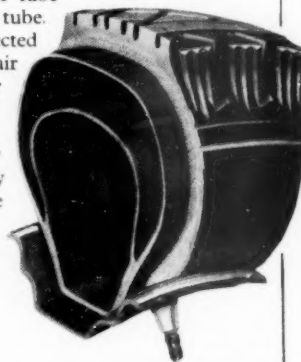
If a tyre bursts you can bring your car to a smooth, safe, controlled stop. No lurch, no "snatch", no alarming swerve across the road.

Far outlast ordinary tubes

Lifeguard Safety Tubes are as easy to repair as ordinary tubes, outlast them for wear — and outwear three or more sets of tyres. Here's real economy for you . . . plus safety to life — value which no one can measure. Call in today at your tyre supplier — Lifeguards are available for most popular tyre sizes.

The tube-within-a-tube

The principle is simple. The Lifeguard consists of a tough two-ply fabric tube built inside the normal tube. The two tubes are connected by a special two-way air valve. Should the outer tube burst, the reserve of air in the inner chamber escapes slowly through the two-way valve . . . the inner tube takes the sudden impact, releases its air slowly. A burst is made as harmless as a slow leak!



LIFEGUARD

Safety tube by **GOODYEAR**